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THE SECRET OF POMEROYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Shifting Sands," "The Snapt Link," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

To maidens, rows and a wearing
Henceforth no credit give;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe.
They are as false as fair
Inconstant, frail, untrue
For mine, alas, I have left me.

THERE was a hushed silence in the castle. True, as the general had observed, the house possessed ample space for even an invalid to be secluded without restraint on the other tenants of the mansion, but the shadow of death can never hover over a building without casting a gloom and a stillness on its atmosphere.

The most thoughtless can scarcely avoid its solemnizing influence, and the most hardened are softened and impressed by its alarming power, against which no strength, no wealth, no hardy courage can avail.

Eustace Neville had been pronounced by the physicians in the most imminent danger, and albeit he had youth and an unbroken constitution on his side it was on the very turn of a hair, the very drawing of a breath, that his life hung.

The injury from which he had suffered was on the brain, which had received a severe and dangerous concussion.

He woke from the stupor of unconsciousness only to rave in the delirium of fever, which ran an unbroken course for many weary days and nights, and which now threatened to sap his very heart's vitals, to dry up every spring of the life fluid, and send its victim to a premature grave.

Would it be unregretted?

Would the young and handsome and fascinating stranger disappear from his place forgotten and unmarked as if he had never appeared among earth's tenants?

[THE READING INTERRUPTED.]

Where was the father, who surely must stake part at least of his happiness on the life and safety of his only child?

It were indeed a melancholy fate for one just entering on the joys and sorrows, the serious business, the trials that await those who press on to the goal where prizes are to be won, and fame forced, as it were, to cast her shadow over a worthy son.

Such were perhaps the thoughts of the practical and cool Evan Leslie as he threw down a county paper giving a somewhat flowery account of the accident, and passed into the adjoining billiard-room by way of killing an idle hour during Sir Kenneth's enforced absence.

The sound of the balls perhaps attracted the attention of some neighbouring loungers, for in a few moments the door opened and a girlish figure glided in so silently that the player did not even hear its approach.

But a sudden turn in pursuit of an erratic ball revealed the presence of a companion in his solitude, and Zoe Danvers advanced to the table.

"Miss Danvers, are you going to honour me with a game?" Evan asked, with a welcoming smile.

Zoe looked strangely altered since that miserable expedition to the ruined castle.

Her face wore a woe, constrained expression, and her whole attitude and bearing had a subdued impatience, if such a term is intelligible, that spoke of a mind ill at ease.

"Mr. Leslie, of course it is very proper to preserve a philosophical indifference to other person's misfortunes," she said, in a forced tone of composure; "but I am a cowardly woman, and it is terrible to think of suffering and perhaps death."

"I fear we might always dwell on such melancholy subjects," he returned, with unmovable calmness. "Better bury the thought, unless any good can be done by the indulgence."

"But I cannot—I cannot," she said, bitterly; "it is so unbearable to feel it is connected with oneself, and if I had not expressed a foolish fancy Mr. Neville would not be—be—"

"Dying," said Evan, quietly, his eyes fixed on the girl's changing face, while yet appearing to be engrossed by a tempting cannon.

Zoe gave a faint shriek, crushed almost before uttered.

"No—no—no! it cannot be," she gasped. "Have you heard? Is he—Clandia would not tell me, or could not, whether he was living, whether there was hope to-day."

Evan assumed another tone now.

"My dear Miss Danvers, you are exciting yourself most needlessly," he said, laying down his cue.

"So far as I know, Neville is in the same critical state. It is difficult to get any exact information from the reports on inquiry, but I should think the chances are two to one against his recovery, if you wish for my candid opinion."

And he made another desperate shot at a flying venture, which bagged both balls.

"Very apropos," he said, quietly. "There are two in one, you see, Miss Danvers. But I see you think me a brute," he continued, his eyes encountering a moist flash of mingled indignation and grief from her eyes. "I am only a rational being, believe me. There's no knowing whether it would not be the best thing that could happen to either of you if Neville was to 'shake off this mortal coil.'"

Zoe's little foot was stamping on the floor now in absolute resentful rage.

"I mistook you," she said, angrily. "I thought you were a gentleman, a man with the ordinary feelings of human beings; I was an idiot, that is all."

And she turned to leave the room, but Evan sprang to the door as she could.

"It is now that you mistake me," he said, more gently, and taking her reluctant hand in his, he led her to a seat in a recess window. "I am perhaps not so good, but certainly not so evil as you imagine. But I do say once more that unless Neville is lucky and you wise, it will perhaps bring misfortune on you both were he to recover."

"I do not comprehend you," she said, though her cheeks crimsoned painfully so as to belie her words.

"It is scarcely to be plainly spoken without offending you," he returned, "and I doubt not you will give me credit for all kinds of envy and hatred and jealousy and all uncharitableness if I do make you understand my meaning. But," he went on, "I assure you it is not as a rival that I am speaking, but as a friend."

"A rival," she repeated, in a low tone and with averted head, "Mr. Leslie, this not—not—"

"Excusable, perhaps you would say," he interrupted. "And so it would deserve, unless you are as sensible as I believe, and I am plain-spoken, Miss Danvers. I said I did not speak as a rival, for the simple reason that there is no woman living for whom I would contest the possession with that kind of jealous strife."

"If I feel that I have the best right to win, all well enough, and I shall act on it till I see she is too wilful and foolish for that view of the matter, though that is just the case with you, Miss Danvers. I know perfectly well that I am much better suited to make you happy than Neville," he went on, calmly. "At the same time you are more drawn towards him by what, I daresay, is called love. I do not at all object to the disease being taken by my future wife in a mild form, it is rather like vaccination and may prevent a worse attack. At the same time I am convinced you will see the justice of my claims in due time, and I can wait."

For the moment astonishment at the extraordinary coolness of the tone actually stunned Zoe into a kind of subdued patience that for the moment eclipsed the remembrance of Eustace Neville's terrible danger.

"This is most extraordinary!" she gasped. "Surely you would not insult me, Mr. Leslie. And you— you never said one word to me that could look like—like love."

"Like love, Miss Danvers? No, nor do I now," he returned, calmly. "The day may come when you are more prepared, and I in more advantageous position to take up the glove. But in the meantime I would convince you, if I can, that you may trust me as a friend to sympathize with you in your present embarrassing regrets."

She looked half-doubtingly at him.

"You are but jesting," she said. "You cannot tell— you do not know what I wish nor what you can mean or be able to do."

"Pardon me, but I think I do; for lookers on see most of the game," he returned. "I can tell you this much, that you and Neville formed a sort of fancy for each other which could never bring happiness to either. You are not suited, be certain of that. And now, when he is utterly beyond your spell, even should he recover, he will be a changed man. But if you are willing to trust me I will act as a true friend, cover your hidden compunctions and grief, and comfort you, whatever may betide."

"I am strong; you are weak," he continued. "Better rest on my support, however hard the task against which you lean may appear."

There was a cool reticence, a firm, rigged unbendability in his tone, that almost told her to rest on such a rock, while yet the wayward, spoiled nature of the coquette rebelled against the power she yet could not ignore.

"You only imagine such a romance, Mr. Leslie. Surely I may be naturally concerned for an accident that certainly was in a manner caused by my own folly," she said, with a desperate attempt at indifference. "And all I asked of you was that some attempt should be made to relieve my anxiety as to his state. A very simple request, in my idea," she went on, in a voice which, against her will, trembled with emotion.

"Probably, but there is more than that to be considered. You are in need of a friend and confidant, Miss Danvers; your own sex are not to be trusted, and ours scarcely supply the place, unless under some special circumstances. Be advised and accept my friendship now and my promises for the future."

It was a strange arrangement.

And for Zoe Danvers a mingled perplexity and temptation.

She had little save her own attractions to secure her place in the social scale.

The man she married must confer on her but not receive distinction.

Eustace Neville was certainly the only person who had really touched at once her heart and her vanity, in carrying off one generally admired and peculiarly adamant to female charms.

But Evan Leslie rather commanded than courted. And Zoe had a vague impression that Lady Lennox hinted tempting predictions as to wealth and honours looming in the future for the cool-headed Scotchman.

"Your proposal is a strange one, but I will try to accept the kindness as it is meant," was the reply, uttered in a soft, fascinating tone. "You assure me

you will be my friend. I will trust you as such, especially in my present troubles. At least," she added, "unless you forfeit the confidence by presumption."

And the proud look of the London belle was intended at any rate to confirm her words. But Evan calmly bowed assent.

He retained to the very last the unmoved bearing that at once baffled and perplexed Zoe's efforts. And his next words were in a totally different tone.

"Will you not take a turn at the table, Miss Danvers? I cannot begin my mission just yet, and it is just as well to occupy the time profitably. I like a woman that can hold her own at billiards, or even croquet. It speaks of steadiness of eye and hand. Do you not think so?"

"I am afraid that I could not command either just now," she said, quickly. "If you will not be scandalized I will postpone the test till your return."

"That's a mistake, a great mistake," he said, calmly. "Depend on it there is nothing so bad as to miss such a chance of distinction. However, you are but a tyro in the game of life. It will be amusing to train and watch your erratic propensities during your 'schooling.' I will consider the best mode of gratifying your amiable anxieties," he went on, as he opened the door for the girl and bowed gracefully on her exit.

His face scarcely altered when he was at length alone.

"It is a dangerous game, so many would say," he muttered, resuming his practice, "but then I have what I commanded just now, a firm hand and steady eye, and, what is more, a sound and intrenched heart. With such instruments to play with there can be little risk."

Zoe Danvers meanwhile darted to her own room and shut and locked its door with a sudden un-governed gust of passion.

"Folled," she exclaimed, "folled and mastered! Shall I yield? No, no—it were weakness and disgrace. But at least I can meet him with his own weapons and meet strength by strategy. Evan Leslie, you may be deceived yet in the cold assertion of power that would rather command than woo, purchase slave rather than court a wife."

And the scolding if impotent tears rolled down her cheeks, partly from the long agitation she had endured and partly from the resentful pride that yet to a great extent deflected its own aspirations by the ambition which dreaded its fall.

CHAPTER IV.

"Is he better, Melanie?" asked Basil, with a kind of sullen interest in his tone and look, as he entered his cousin's morning-room the day after Evan Leslie's strange compact with Zoe. "It is a confounded nuisance that he should be brought here, as if the castle were a hospital," he added, flinging down his cap on the couch as he spoke.

"Basil!"

The tone was one of such gentle yet obvious surprise and reproach that even the wilful and un-governed spirit of the heir of the Pomeroy could not altogether disregard nor resent its meaning.

"It's all very well to think every person hard-hearted and selfish who does not go in for charity and pity and all that kind of thing," he returned; "but I can tell you, Melanie, there are a hundred reasons why this fellow is in the way. And why on earth he should choose to risk his neck and other folks' comfort—which was a vast deal more consequence—just to show off before Zoe Danvers is beyond conception," he ran on, impetuously, in a tone of grumbling complaint, which was susceptible neither of answer nor of restraint.

"Perhaps some one else might ask why you so decidedly object to his distinguishing himself before Miss Danvers," answered his cousin, with a forced smile. "However, it would be hard if we were always to be punished for a mere escapade, and poor Mr. Neville has certainly paid to the full the penalty in his case."

"Have you fallen in love with him, Melanie? Girls generally do when they wait on a fellow and nurse him," he said, sneeringly. "I suppose it glorifies them to find some one weaker than themselves. I wonder my father could allow such extraordinary idiocy."

Melanie's cheek was dyed as deeply as he spoke that there might be perhaps some reason for such a suspicion.

But her manner was singularly calm and even haughty as she replied:

"You are annoyed, Basil, so I forgive the taunt; but I do think you could have spared it where your own nearest relative is concerned. I, at least, hope never to disgrace my race."

She was quickly gliding from the room when her

progress was suddenly arrested by her uncle, who was standing in the doorway, though for how long a time neither of the speakers in the late passage-at-arms could have decided.

His next words, however, had something of a forced gaiety in them.

"Yes," he said, "and what is my little niece going to do for the credit of her race; I will pledge myself she will never disgrace it," he went on, with a look of tender pride at the fair young creature, who united so remarkably girl softness and simplicity with a dignity that spoke of a high spirit within.

"Not openly, at any rate," remarked Basil, angrily. "That is the way with women, angels in seeming, and in secret—"

"Silence, Basil!" interrupted the general. "Such speeches are unmanly and despicable. Your age is the only excuse for being guilty of such commonplace stuff. No wonder you have driven your cousin from the room," he continued, as Melanie quietly vanished.

"Oh, she is hastening to her new duties in that fellow's room," sneered Basil. "I really cannot understand your conduct where she is concerned, sir," he went on, impetuously. "I am your only son, your only child, and the legal heir of your estate and name, while she is but an interloper in our house so far as actual right is concerned. And yet she is made first in all your feelings and plans; she is indulged and pampered in every caprice, while I am to be her humble slave, and waiting for her good pleasure for my plans and actions. It is incomprehensible in you, sir, and I can tell you, utterly unbearable to me. It makes me actually hate such an interloper on my freedom," he exclaimed, kicking away as he spoke a beautiful piece of embroidery that had fallen on the floor in his wake's hasty flight.

The general had not interrupted his son's outburst, but when Basil glanced at him, perhaps in some surprise at his unwarmed patience, he could see the violence of the anger he had excited in the ashen cheeks and burning eyes of the general's worn countenance.

"Basil, you are a blind, perverse idiot," came at last in hoarse accents from his dry lips. "Take care lest you bring a curse on our house—on us both," he added, in a low, half-whispering tone.

Basil looked on in silent, half-alarmed surprise. "Because I do not think your niece an angel, is that what you mean, sir?" he asked, in a tone that had yet some questioning hesitancy in its constrained voice.

"Yes, my boy. Because she is the good angel of our house. Because we owe her all the love and cherishing fondness that can supply what she has lost," burst from the general, in a rapid torrent of words that well-nigh overpowered even his son's resolute hardness. "Your all of honour and happiness is at stake, boy," he went on, in a calmer tone, "and you would throw it away for a jealous caprice."

"If you will speak plain English, sir, I may perhaps be better able to judge for myself," replied the son, coldly. "Do you mean that because my uncle was murdered his daughter is to rule our destiny at her pleasure? I, for one, beg to decline taking such old debts on myself, and I don't see it makes any difference whether my uncle died of the gut or a gunshot, so far as she is concerned. Pray banish this old idea from your brain, sir," he went on. "Give my cousin as much as you like—double her fortune if you choose—but don't make me her slave, nor her tutor either, which comes to the same thing. I have quite other ideas and wishes."

And as he uttered the last words he hastily pushed open the French windows and leaped from the verandah on which they opened on to the terrace beneath.

The general sank back with a deep groan.

"Infatuated, blind, mad!" he muttered. "But it is only what could be expected—the curse that hangs over the doomed house."

And he fell into a deep fit of thought for some minutes, from which he roused himself for one of the small actions that sometimes divert the mind through the half-unconscious faculties.

He stooped to pick up Melanie's work, that still lay where it had been so ignominiously consigned by the irate Basil; and in so doing a small, hard substance grated against his hand, which he dreamily extricated from the canvas fold.

It was a ring, that seemed to have entangled itself in some mysterious way with the heavy roll, and for a moment the general presumed it to be one that had fallen from his niece's finger. But another inspection seemed to change his ideas. He hastily raised it, took it to the window, and held it up to the light with trembling eagerness, his almost thrilled through his spare frame.

It was a real bloodstone ring; a tiny crest and initials were engraved with rare skill, so as scarcely to impair the smooth surface. And the elegant

setting accorded well with the extreme delicacy of the rest of the workmanship.

General Pomeroy's eyes rested on the jewel; he placed it under a magnifying-glass that hung by a chain from his neck.

Then he hastily concealed it in his own dress.

"Merciful Heaven! From where can this have come?" he murmured. "And I dare not ask her. She might wonder and ask me what I could not answer, and she has perhaps not even seen it. No, unless she inquired for it, unless she misses the bauble—I will hide it from her view."

And he strode rather than walked from the room, forgetful as he did so that the window which Basil had opened still remained unclosed, and that the apartment was entirely exposed to the eyes of any eavesdropper or interloper who might linger near.

Melanie had so far justified her cousin's assertion as to repair to the wing of the castle where the sufferer lay, still, as was declared, in the utmost danger which was consistent with life and chances of recovery.

She had become deeply, painfully interested in the stranger patient, though not in the way her cousin declared, as one who touched her heart with one thrill of love.

But Melanie had, so the doctor declared, been instrumental in giving him a chance for life by awakening him from the first deadly stupor after his fall.

And it is so natural to a young feminine nature to cherish a soft interest in one already aided by its means, that it was little surprise if the young châteline took on herself the duty of superintending the sick-room, and ensuring the utmost attention to the sufferer.

She had not seen him since her first early visit that morning, and, as if to banish the painful ideas induced by her cousin's taunts, she walked with a rapid, unhesitating step towards the apartment and quietly entered the ante-chamber.

All was still and quiet.

Melanie stole to the door of the inner apartment and peeped cautiously within.

The nurse, perhaps overpowered with fatigue, had sunk to sleep in her large easy-chair.

The invalid was quiet and motionless, more than half concealed by the heavy curtains round the couch, so that the girl could not discern his features. She paused for a moment, and then stole softly in and passed to the bed side.

Eustace was moaning heavily, or it might almost be supposed he was dead, so white and corpse-like was the face that lay on the snowy pillow.

The girl stooped down and gazed on the noble features whose regularity was even more obvious from the wasted outline, and which yet had nothing monstrous and hard in their mould.

If he slept, it was certainly no refreshing, natural slumber; it was rather the stupor of either disease or exhaustion, that might end in a more hopeless and eternal repose.

The girl fairly shuddered at the sickening fear, which the doctors' prediction had justified.

"Nothing but sleep, natural, refreshing, deep sleep, could give the turn to the malady."

So they had pronounced.

Melanie sighed deeply as she stood there in the obscure light, and considered what means could be of the wildest hope to produce such an effect.

Suddenly she remembered the old days of her childhood when in her trifling ailments the nurse had soothed her by a low, soft, lulling melody.

Should she attempt it now?

The idea seemed well nigh insanity where such terrible sufferings were concerned.

But still even the shadow of a hope might pass into substance, and Melanie caught at it with the enthusiasm of a young and ardent nature.

She seated herself on a low chair nearly hidden within the curtain.

A dreamy, old-world melody that she had learned from a kind of cosmopolitan nurse came, with a rare and almost unconscious pathos, from her lips—sweet, low, rich with a very world of poetry and romance and love in its winning strain.

The syrens themselves could scarcely have been more bewitching, more irresistible in their famed music.

Melanie was perhaps unconscious of the charm, but none the less did her sweet and tasteful execution prevail while bringing as it were the dead to life by that strain.

Her whole soul was drawn out in unselfish forgetfulness, and in consequence the effect was of thrilling power.

Eustace Neville's eyes opened slowly and feebly. He gazed perhaps in a kind of delusion, a dream world, on the fair young girl, and his lips moved in half-audible words.

"My mother," he moaned, "mother, when did you return? It is so long since I heard that song."

And again his eyes closed, but this time rather as if weighed down in soft power by the very genius of sleep pressing on the lids his powerful fingers.

Melanie did not cease.

Her very pulses beat high, her frame thrilled at the hopes which kindled within.

But she maintained her unbroken, even, outward calm, and as again and again the melody swelled out and the rich flood of her sweet voice filled the atmosphere its effect seemed to gain a magic spell.

The patient's limbs and features relaxed in a less painful rigidity.

The lips assumed a soft, child smile, the lids heavily hung over the eyes.

And at length Melanie stole noiselessly from the room, in terror lest some intruder should disturb a repose which at that instant she would have guarded with her life.

CHAPTER XVI.

"How can I thank you? I owe you my life," said Eustace Neville, some days after the events that had so materially changed the politics of more than one of the households in the little circle of Dumfriesshire, where so many and remarkable events had been chronicled in former days.

The invalid was recovering with wonderful rapidity from the date of the memorable song which had lulled him to a refreshing and life-giving sleep.

The native strength of his constitution, its youth and unbroken vigour was certainly well tested by the severity of the attack, and his subsequent rallying like a buoyant barque, above the violence of the waves that had well nigh engulfed it, and now he had left his bed and was comfortably ensconced in a spring-chair that gave all the ease required by an invalid without the attitude of sickness that throws an air of distress and gloom over the patient.

Melanie had come to perform her usual daily office of reading for an hour or so to the young fellow, whom she felt she had fairly brought back to life, and who, therefore, derived a new and perhaps tender interest in her young helper.

There is nothing so winning in the consciousness that some fellow-creature is indebted to you for life or health or comfort, and in this case the amount of anxiety and of subsequent relief that she had undergone perhaps more than usually deepened this feeling.

There was a lovely bloom on her soft cheeks that gave a new charm to the sweet face as she heard the earnest yet simple words of Eustace Neville, uttered as they were with a quiet depth of sentiment which spoke more than the most vehement phrase for the sincerity of the gratitude thus expressed.

Melanie's reply was equally unaffected and true.

"Indeed, indeed, it is quite reward enough for you to recover. I was so afraid you would never rally from that frightful fever," she said, softly.

"No. I dare say it was a very near touch between the life and death angels," he replied, with a smile.

"I have heard enough from the old nurse and the doctor to comprehend the state of the case. But, Miss Pomeroy," he went on, earnestly, "I am anxious just to give you one simple, honest assurance, and if you know me better, you would, I believe, do me the justice to admit that I am no man of idle professions. I want to tell you that from this time I consider that I owe you a life, and in any circumstances I hold it to be at your command and to be risked for your service, should I be so happy as to find an occasion to prove the sincerity of my promise."

It scarcely seems possible that you, the petted heiress of wealth and name, the future idol of gay crowds, can ever need such an humble arm to help—such a head to plan or think for you. Still, such things have happened ere now, and it may be the day may come when you will remember my promise. Tell me that you will claim the pledge, that you will call on me for help in any time of need!" he went on, in a low yet vehement tone and with an earnest sadness in his fine eyes that strengthened his prayer.

Melanie did not blush now.

There was rather a paler hue on her cheek as she listened.

Some nervous, morbid dread that the very prophecy was ominous of its fulfilment seized upon her spirit and chilled her heart's blood. But she would not betray the weakness to one who was still so weak and sensitive, and she held out her hand with a winning frankness and sincerity of manner.

"I do, indeed, I do believe you," she said, "and if I really required a friend, I assure you that I would trust no one so fully as yourself. I know you mean truly," she went on, with an involuntary flattery that was more delicious from its utter simplicity and unconsciousness, "but I should be really grieved to risk your life," she resumed, after a short

pause. "It would be a very peculiar way of concluding my poor services."

And a silvery, girlish laugh gave a lighter meaning to the serious words.

"Ah! but it would be a very different matter to risk or even lose my life for your sake, and in a real and worthy cause," he replied. "It was very sad to die as it were the death of a dog, just to gratify the whim of a vain and capricious woman."

"Hush!" she said, "hush! It is not right to speak so of the absent. It was but a girlish fancy, that she never dreamed would bring risk on you or any one. If you really are grateful for your restoration, Mr. Neville, you must not indulge any uncharitableness," she went on, smilingly. "I must not allow it, at any rate, in my hearing."

"You are an angel," trembled on the young sufferer's lips.

But he changed it to:

"You are right—quite right, Miss Pomeroy. It is an evil spirit for one returned from death's door, and more especially when I offered to humour and gratify the vain fancy. But all that is past, and it is only now that I have fairly wakened from the delusion, Miss Pomeroy. The time may arrive for me to repay my debt to you and I—I will not be wanting."

There was a deep silence.

Perhaps neither could trust themselves to speak; perhaps neither of them dared to vent the thoughts of their hearts in open and audible words. And at length Melanie opened the book in her hand that had fallen idly on her knees, and began to read.

Whether Mr. Neville gave much attention to the page—whether he could have given a very intelligible account of the page was a matter of doubt.

But, happily for him, the affair was settled by the hard ringing of the hall bell, sound of footsteps, and then the announcement "Mr. Leslie, sir, wishes to see you," disturbed the young pair in their dream. Melanie started up and fled like a fawn through a separate door from the room.

"Ha, Neville, welcome back to earth again!" said Evan, as he entered the room with extended hand. "I was not admitted before, or I would have been here long ago to deliver my credentials and congratulate you in person."

Eustace received the greeting with a somewhat constrained response.

"They fancied I was an aspen, I suppose, shaking at a touch," he said, with a smile. "I certainly gave no such directions. I should have been very glad to feel I was a tenant of the tangible world once more."

"Well, I don't suppose I should have been a very exciting visitor in my proper person," returned the guest. "Only as an ambassador, you see, I might have brought some electricity in my touch. Zon Danvers has been well nigh in delirium at the idea of your danger."

"She is very kind. You can tell her that I am perfectly recovered now," returned the invalid, coldly.

"There—I am accustomed to diplomatic falsehoods," said Evan, seating himself. "However, it may pass, when spoken in the future tense. I suppose you are going to pull through at last. Pray, have you got the heather that you thought worth your broken head?" he resumed.

"I hope such a monument of my folly is in the Cairn long since, along with the legend of the moss and bones."

"Folly!" Then I am fully to understand you are not as deeply in love as the devoted self-sacrifice indicated?" observed Evan, carelessly.

"If you consider the tender passion as an idiotic folly, I certainly was so when I made an ass of myself for a ridiculous fancy and my own absurd vanity," replied Eustace, angrily. "Be so good as to leave the subject, Leslie. I have suffered sufficiently without further punishment."

Evan drew his chair nearer to the invalid, with a changed expression in his grave but mobile features.

"Come, Neville, you need not treat a man of the world like myself as if I were a sentimental boy. I am perfectly up in these matters, and can afford to smile at the pretty coquetry of a handsome girl, and even to enter into the good nature that humours them. Surely you remember our conversation before the accident?" he went on, questioningly.

"It might very well have been knocked from my head," said Eustace, with a faint smile. "However, I do recall your ministerial advice," he continued, with some bitterness.

"Now you are angry, and that is more silly than anything you have been guilty of yet," observed Evan. "I warned you that Zoe was no fitting bride for you, and I should think you have discovered that for yourself by this time. But I must full!

my errand, nevertheless. I have been her envoy to ascertain your exact condition from time to time. I am come on my own account now. Did this wonderful self-sacrifice betoken a deeper feeling on your part than I suspected? Are you going in for Zoe Danvers, and am I to meet you in fair fight as a rival?"

"I respect a woman's name too much to bandy it about in such unwarrantable talk," he replied, haughtily. "I consider that no man should presume so much on the chances of winning any girl as to coolly announce the chances as if the game were his own. But if Miss Danvers has sent you here, you may assure her that I regret nothing, and desire to forget all in the past save that we were friends."

And he gave an impatient gesture, as if to end the subject.

But Evan was not so easily silenced.

"Neville, you are wise; but is it from temporary pique that you send such a message? Have you been fascinated by more attractive charms, which will lose, in turn, their power? Do not give a hasty answer, my good fellow," he went on. "There is perhaps more depending on the question than you imagine. I do not conceal my own intentions; surely I have some right to ask yours."

"I have no intention, not the very slightest, to endeavour to be on any different terms with Miss Danvers than I am at this instant," returned Eustace. "That is all you can want for any purpose of yours, and I would ask you, as a gentleman, Leslie, to drop the subject."

Evan smiled rather sarcastically.

"I agree with you that I have no right to go into any closer confidence," he said, "but still I have reasons for advising you to be cautious as to any other entanglement, which would be extremely alluring, no doubt, but by no means desirable where you are concerned. Miss Pomeroy is lovely and fascinating, and yet I have heard hints whispered in my ears that you had better have broken your neck in good earnest than entertain one thought of the fair orphan. It is not from a perverse insolence that I meddle thus in your affairs," he went on, quietly. "But I really do attach some importance to the vague hints, and as you have not had time to have plunged very deeply in the mire, I thought it was doing no great harm by repeating them."

Eustace literally ground his teeth to repress the passion that boiled in his breast.

"I am scarcely a match for you, Mr. Leslie," he said, coldly. "I am still suffering from my own absurd folly, and it is rather kicking against the pricks to warn me against its repetition. I daresay General Pomeroy is quite able to take care of his niece, and for myself, I have no chance or wish to win any woman's affections till I can ask her hand. Now, unless you wish to insult me, we will drop this subject," he went on, with a dangerous flush on his face. "I should be sorry to request you to leave me in quiet possession of my room."

Evan rose at the hint.

"You may think differently one day," he said, quietly. "Still, if you neglect my advice and get into the trouble that I predicted, I won't fling your uncomplimentary distrust in your teeth. There is good stuff, I believe, in you, Neville, but you have a whole life's lesson to learn. Good-bye. I will give a more courteous dress to your message to Miss Danvers than the bare nakedness in which I have received it."

And, nodding familiarly, he left the room.

"He is a cold-blooded, insolent cynic," was Eustace Neville's commentary.

And yet he could not banish from his mind the warning that would prohibit his drinking in the sweet poison of Melanie Pomeroy's looks and words.

And once again came the remembrance of the old gipsy prophecy that had haunted him against his will for many a long year. More perils were awaiting him, and each from a woman's wiles, and each would leave the blood-mark on his heart; that curse which only blood could wash out was on a race whose history and very origin were a secret to their descendants.

But he impatiently shook the superstition from his mind, and, snatching up a pencil near him, began to sketch a portrait—a portrait of a woman's face.

(To be continued.)

AMUSING GAMES.—Here's a new parlour game: Two players are closely blinded with a bandage made of their pocket-handkerchiefs. Each one is provided with a saucer full of cake crumbs, which is held in the left hand, and a spoon, which is held in the right hand. A sheet is spread upon the floor, upon which the players sit, and at a given signal they begin to feed each other. Their efforts to find each other's mouth with their spoons never fail to afford much sport. Another amusing experiment is

to try to blow out a candle blindfolded. The candle is placed upon the table, up to which the player is led; he then walks back six steps, turns round three times, and walks forward as nearly in the direction of the candle as possible, and tries to blow it out. If he happens to wander to the wrong part of the room, the effect is very funny.

GROWTH AND USES OF INDIAN SANDALWOOD.

THE sandal-wood forms a conspicuous feature of the finest produce of the Mysore provinces. This tree, as described by Captain Von Someren in the report upon the administration of the forest service of India, grows very unequally in different parts of country. It attains the greatest bulk and height in Talooks with a moderately heavy rainfall, but the perfume of wood grown in such localities is not so strong as of that grown in more arid spots, especially where the soil is red and stony. It will thrive among rocks where the soil is good, and trees in such places, though small, are generally fuller of oil. The bark and sap-wood have no smell, but the heart-wood and roots are highly scented and rich in oil. The girth of a mature tree varies according to circumstances from 18 to 36, or in exceptional cases 40 inches.

It attains maturity in about twenty-five years. The older the tree, the nearer the heart-wood comes to the surface, while the bark becomes deeply wrinkled, is red underneath, and frequently bursts, disclosing in old specimens the absence of all sap-wood. Such trees, whatever their size may be, should at once be felled, as they rapidly deteriorate. The heart-wood is hard and heavy. The best parts are used for carving boxes, album covers, desks, and other useful and ornamental articles.

The roots which are the richest in oil, and the chips go to the still, while Hindus who can afford to show their wealth and respect for their departed relatives by adding sticks of sandal-wood to the funeral pile. A very large quantity was used up in this way at the cremation of the late Maharajah of Mysore. The wood, either in powder or rubbed up into a paste, is used by all Brahmins in the pigments used in their distinguishing caste marks. The oil forms the basis of many scents, and is sometimes used—especially in the carved work seen in Bombay—for disguising with its scent articles which, being really carved from common wood, are passed off as if made from true sandal.

Sandal-wood is found in open places exposed to much light, and sometimes in tracts of jungle land, of which 2,368 acres have been kept as a reserved forest. It occurs, however, chiefly in scattered patches or in single trees, along the banks of canals, and on hedge banks and divisions of fields. It grows from seed, and is said to mature in twenty-five years; it is rather difficult to raise, but the practice of dibbling in seed in suitable soil seems to answer best. If the country is too moist for it the scent of the wood is less.

PRECOCOUS GIRLS.—There is no such thing as a nursery in the majority of American homes. The children are left to the care of ignorant hired bonnies or Irish girls; they swarm in the halls of boarding-houses, or haunt the servants' rooms, trying to stretch their little brains to grasp the ideas and subjects which reach them there. When they have passed out of babyhood they are dismissed to schools, where they learn good or evil as paid teachers or their companions choose. Let any one observe the groups of haunting half-grown girls on their way to school in the cars, or the over-dressed coquettish misses sent out to parade the streets and display their clothes on a fine afternoon, and listen to their conversation, and they will not wonder at their escapades into marriage, or a worse fate. It is not book-publishers who are to blame; it is not playwrights; it is not French bonnies or Irish nurses. They furnish what the public demand of them. The one thing needed to give a generation of modest, chaste gentlewomen is—mothers. Mothers who know their business, and who do it; mothers who have the sense to see that there is a time in a young woman's life, as in a man's, when animal spirits, or excess of vitality, needs outlet—mothers who can guide their daughters through this straight in all innocence, instead of subjecting them from their very birth to treatment which forces every impure element of their nature into unhealthy and obnoxious action.

SALE OF THE LATE EARL OF YARBOROUGH'S CIGARS.—On Monday week a numerous company of gentlemen and tradesmen connected with the cigar business were attracted to Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood's rooms, the occasion being the sale of an unusually large stock of cigars and cigarettes, the property of the late Earl of Yarrowburgh. The cigars were 10,000 in number, and were all stated to be of the finest brands. The cigarettes also numbered 10,000. The property was divided into 146 lots,

there being 125 lots of cigars and 21 lots of cigarettes, and, as will be seen below, some of the cigars realized remarkably high prices. They were described as Cabanas, Carbagas, Intimiditas, Partagas, Upmanns, and Zuluinas. Twenty boxes of Upmann brands, containing 50 cigars each, realized an average of 2*l.* 10*s.* per box; 22 boxes of Zuluinas, also containing 50 each, fetched about 3*l.* per box. Ten boxes of Carbagas, likewise containing 50 each, were next sold, and fetched prices ranging from 4*l.* to 4*l.* 10*s.* per box. Fifty-four boxes named "Intimiditas Reinas," containing 100 cigars each, realized an average of 4*l.* 10*s.* per box. These were followed by the sale of 16 boxes (also containing 100 each) of "Intimiditas Regalia Britannica," for which there was a spirited competition, and the prices realized for the several lots ranged from 7*l.* to 7*l.* 10*s.* per box, or about 1*s.* 6*d.* for each cigar. Nine boxes of "Partagas Regalia de Londres" (50 each) fetched from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* per box. Several boxes of "Partagas Regalia Britannica" were next sold, and one box, containing 200, fetched 11*l.* 5*s.*, or nearly 2*s.* each, three other lots realizing similar prices. The cigarettes were in boxes containing 500 each, and realized about 2*l.* 10*s.* per box. The cigars realized about 800*l.*, and the cigarettes a little more than 50*l.*, the total proceeds being thus about 850*l.*

THE WIFE.

ONLY let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband; not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her cares and love are noted; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honoured and cherished in fulfilment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children and society a well-spring of happiness. She will bear pain, toil and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow.

A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is mechanism—the unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, a penetrating brightness to which the former is an entire stranger.

The deep happiness of her heart shines out in her face. She gleams over. She is airy and graceful, and welcoming and warm with her presence, she is full of devices and plots, and sweet surprises of her husband and her family.

She has never done with the romance of poetry and life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high; and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is Heaven and Heaven is love."

It is said that Prince Bismarck has been much more benign since the King of Sweden made him a seraph—to, or rather by, order.

TREES AND RAIN.—The influence of trees upon rain and the general moisture of the atmosphere, which has been discussed of late, receives a strong illustration from the island of Santa Cruz, West Indies. A person a year or two since, who spent the months of February, March and April upon the island, says that when he was there twenty years ago the island was a garden of freshness, and beauty and fertility; woods covered the hills, trees were everywhere abundant, and rains were profuse and frequent. The memory of its loveliness called him back at the beginning of the year, when, to his astonishment, he found about one-third of the island, which is about twenty-five miles long, an utter desert. The forest and trees generally had been cut away, rain-falls had ceased, and a process of desiccation, beginning at one end of the land, had advanced gradually and irresistibly upon the island, until for seven miles it is as dried and desolate as the seashore. Houses and beautiful plantations have been abandoned, and the people watch the advance of desolation, unable to arrest it, and knowing to a certainty that the time when their own habitations, their gardens and fresh fields will become a part of the waste it fast approaching. The whole island is doomed to become a desert. The inhabitants believe, and the opinion seems to be confirmed, that this sad result is owing to the destruction of the trees upon the island.



WINIFRED WYNNE,
OR,
THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"The Lost Coronet," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

For this ye know well, tho' I would no lie,
In woman is all truth and steadfastness,
For, in good faith, I never of them see
But much worship, bounty and gentleness,
Right cunning, fair, and full of meekness,
Good and glad and lowly, if you endure,
To this goodly and angelic creature.

"METHINKS you are strangely different to most damsels of your age and goodly looks, mignonne," said Queen Anne to her new favourite as the girl softly busied herself in arranging tasteful comforts for the invalid prince, who was even then showing signs of the malady that so soon afterwards carried him to the grave. "You seem to live in others' griefs and dangers, while most parties are but greedily bent on gratifying their own selfish ends."

Winifred gazed up with a sad smile in the kindly, homely face of the gracious lady, whom she had already learned to love with almost child-like devotion.

"It is my bounden duty now, may it please your majesty," she said, half-sadly, as she remembered but too well the great sorrow and the great sacrifice of her life. "It were impossible for me to requite in ever so poor a measure the great boon your majesty designed to bestow on such a lowly suppliant as my humble self. But it were a happiness to dream that I can in the least please your majesty in performing this duty."

"Ah! child, child! you in your happy lowliness cannot comprehend that a warm heart and a generous trust are blessings which a queen can rarely command in those around her," replied Anne Stuart, with a sigh. "It is, I do believe, real and grateful love you bestow on me, and you can feel in my anxious sorrow for my only, my best friend—my husband—in his suffering."

"But I trust it will only be by a passing sickness that his majesty is attacked," said Winifred, softly, seeing that the prince was quietly sleeping on a low couch in the adjoining chamber. "Ah! it were too sad otherwise. Alas! I have known such grief in losing those I loved best. May Heaven long avert it from your majesty!"

The queen gave her a kindly, gracious smile and once more fell into a fit of deep thought, that, to judge from the direction of her eyes, was still somewhat

[THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.]

connected with the young daughter of the goldsmith.

"Was I deceived, or did there pass some slight recognition between you and the Lady Lisle's party when I gave them audience but now?" asked Anne, after a pause.

"I had some childish acquaintance with Mistress Viola when I was at the Lady Churchill's," returned Winifred. "It would ever please me to know of her well-being; though, naturally, all such friendship has long been impossible in our different spheres, your majesty."

"Truly, yes," returned the queen, with a smile, the significance of which Winifred did not fully comprehend. "There is, indeed, a diversity between your natures. They came to crave a boon, even as you did, mignonne. But it was for land and wealth to secure the marriage of the well-born Mistress Viola with Sir Cecil Vernon; not for life and liberty to one who had fallen into grievous ill, and my answer was as diverse as the petitions thus urged."

Winifred was silent; she knew too well the bounds of her duty to presume to make any comment unless called on by the queen, but her speaking eyes yet expressed interest of no common character in the intelligence.

The queen's capricious fancy frequently delighted in the fresh, naive remarks of her new favourite, the more especially as Winifred's modest and grateful discretion never presumed one shade on the favour thus displayed.

"Are you not of the same mind, Winifred?" she asked, playfully. "Nay, speak freely—a tongue and heart without guile like yours may well be sometimes licensed, even in the fettered state of a sovereign queen. Would you not have deemed such mercenary calculation unworthy noble and generous minds where there are true love and such wealth as may save from unbecoming straits?"

"May it please your majesty, it is not for me to pretend to such wisdom as is in your higher judgment and experience," returned the girl, hesitatingly. "But it might be that there are straits even now that are hidden from the world, and, if there is love, there will be suffering for these two noble betrothed if they be parted for such needless obstacles as this miserable gold," she went on, with involuntary bitterness. "Oh, it does seem as if it brought such sorrow and shame and sin that it makes me shiver at the sound of its being so craved or desired by those whom I have ever known or loved."

There was an earnestness in the girl's tone and look in the half-breathed utterance that touched the tender-hearted queen to the very quick.

"Winifred," she said, softly, "would that I had a daughter like you. But, alas, alas! I am childless, and I often think that it is a retribution for my filial supineness to my own father and the son of his old age that I am thus bereaved. But as there are foster mothers for the orphan so there may be foster children for the bereaved parent, and it soothes me to receive your young fresh affection and to feel that it is as an offering to Anne Stuart, not duty to the queen. Is it not so, Winifred Wynne?"

"Yes—yes, indeed—indeed it is so, your majesty," exclaimed Winifred, impulsively, bending on one knee before the queen's chair and raising her white, plump hand to her lips, "and it were worse than treason not to repay such kind graciousness with reverent love. Ah, madam, if ever, in your exalted station, you know sorrow and bereavement and anxiety, surely the power to spread happiness, to remove grief, to grant despaired-of blessings were enough to soothe every regret."

The girl's face flushed eagerly as she spoke and her eyes were lifted to the queen's face with such beautiful, expressive, lofty pleading in their depths that it would have been difficult for a far harder nature than Anne Stuart's to resist the infection of their enthusiasm.

"Ah, child, you would shower down blessings like dew—is it so?" she asked, half-sadly. "But if the ground were ungrateful, what then? If the moisture brought no fruit, what then, Winifred?"

"Then it would return to the bosom of those who cast the blessing," returned the girl. "The giver is thrice blessed, madam, both in Heaven and earth, who is thus the dispenser of the Creator's gracious boons to his creatures, if I may presume to speak thus to your majesty, who practises so truly the mission of her high station."

"Then would it have given you a pleasure had I granted the bold petition of the Lady Lisle?" asked the queen, smiling. "Is it that which is so inspiring you, mignonne?"

"Nay, gracious madam, it is not for me to presume to speak in such momentous cases. If it be true that such a boon would be just and right, then your majesty would need no pleading, and," she added, hesitatingly, "if it be not unjust—if it be no wrong to others, at least, it would spread happiness and win hearts to your throne if it were to seem good to grant such a prayer."

Anne could read the contending feelings of the young creature, who longed for the fulfilment of some cherished scheme, while yet conscious of the importance of the boon thus demanded, and perhaps doubtful of its justice.

"Did you and Sir Cecil ever meet familiarly in former days?" she asked. "He has ever been a frequent guest at the Lady Churchill's."

"I did meet—I did know something of him there, your majesty," returned the girl, with the faintest possible suffusion of her delicate features. "But after I returned to my father's house I was, of course, in a widely diverse company than Sir Cecil ever frequented."

"And there were no love passages between you?" asked the queen, curiously, with something of the love of gossip that distinguished her, and perhaps made her more liable to the power of those around her person.

Winifred dared not refuse to answer a question from such lips, yet she scarcely knew how to frame her reply.

"Perhaps, madam, just for a passing fancy, Sir Cecil may have glanced on my childish self," she said, frankly, "but there was as great a barrier between us in feeling as in station, yet I have sometimes dreamed that—that I felt the kindly regard of the Lady Lisle and her daughter from some cruel misapprehension of the case, your majesty."

A half-amused smile crossed the queen's lips, as if a sudden fancy had struck her mind.

"Well, well; I scarce think that you would find it for your true happiness, my niece, or I might even make those wishes your dowry, if it were to please the fickle goddess to return to his former love. Would you be a consenting party, Winifred Wynne?"

"I would stave first, your majesty!" burst from the girl's quivering lips. "I would die in the lowly obscurity and hardships from which your gracious bounty has rescued me, but I could not wed where my hand was not truly wooed, and my heart sought by one who could give me his own unbought love."

Anne sighed, as if in envy of the bright and youthful enthusiasm of the creature thus bursting as it were into warm and full life and womanhood, albeit its lessons had been, maybe, too early and too severely learned.

"Perhaps you judge rightly, child," she said. "There must be equality between a wedded pair to ensure peace; equal love at least, if not equal fortunes, and Heaven knows I have had that to comfort me in every sorrow."

And the queen glanced in the direction of her still sleeping husband, on whom it was one of her truest indications of nobility of heart to look as if she derived from him the greatness of her position.

"This shall not be forgotten, Winifred Wynne," she resumed, after a brief pause. "I do not say what may be my decision; but, at the least, I will cause the matter to be looked into and will take it into my consideration, though I make no other promise, remember. And, now, go and conclude those papers that you were transcribing for my inspection. They will be for my private use, remember, and no one is to know their contents till it is my pleasure to publish them."

Winifred made a low reverence, in respectful silence, that betrayed no trace of the free and especial familiarity into which she was admitted by the queen.

It was one of the especial characteristics of the goldsmith's daughter that she could preserve her own lowly position in the midst of the temptations that the queen's timely favour might have presented.

And the lowly respect of her obedience might have befitted a courtier of the haughty Elizabeth herself.

"Sweet child, poor child! she little dreams that I know her secret," murmured the kindly Anne, as her young favourite disappeared. "But time alone can solve the riddle and satisfy me whether her future happiness can be secured by the accomplishment of her heart's desires. How diverse from this time-serving Viola Lisle and her mother! and yet I have given my word that their mercenary schemes shall be put to the very proof, and the word of a queen can never be broken."

Anne paused for a few moments in deep and apathetic repose, reclining in her luxurious chair with all the enjoyment of her far niente nature.

Then a slight movement of her husband came to rouse her from her reverie, and she started up and listened to his side.

"Anne, est-il possible? I thought you were in your bed," said the prince, drowsily. "But I am glad you are there, my wife. You will not leave me, Anne?"

And the sovereign of Great Britain knelt like the veriest guide-wife by her husband's couch and whispered in his ear gentle comfortings and assurances of love and care.

Surely she was the good if not the great Queen Anne in her womanly, domestic life!

CHAPTER XLVI.

"WELL, fair Mistress Gretchen, what can I do to please you, as our business together is entirely finished? You have shown me that it is possible for a maiden to comprehend the practice of our profession enough for her to give no needless trouble to us in its performance, and I am the more inclined to serve you since I believe you have no woman's curiosity and foolish gossip in your mind," said Master Fenton, as the young Dutchwoman sat in thoughtful and silent abstraction in the office which she had more than once graced with her fair, bright presence during the short sojourn she had made in her kinsman's house.

Master Fenton, maybe, was not altogether insensible to the fresh, plump charms and the frank, decided manner of the Amsterdam maid.

Certain it was that he had learnt to welcome her coming, and well-nigh hidden cause for her repeated visits with a carefully hidden skill, and now, when she had come to sign the final papers and to arrange with him the manner in which her new heritage was to be paid over to her, he felt a strange blank over the future, as if the sunshine were gradually fading from his horizon.

But Gretchen's very unconsciousness of this was perhaps her most powerful charm, and now, when it was evident that she had no trifling boon to pray and questions that would satisfy no ordinary society, she looked as timid and thoughtful as if she were pleading with the sternest and most inexorable of arbiters of fate.

There is nothing that gives a greater charm to a young and gifted woman than such apparent softness and timidity, and Master Fenton's encouraging speech was probably owing to that very fascination in his young client's manner.

She suddenly looked up with a bright, half-child-like smile.

"Thanks, thanks, good Master Fenton. I am deeply your debtor for this and many another kind and obliging service," she replied. "I know full well that I am a young and stranger woman whom you might well have looked on as a mere helpless and senseless tool in your hands during this tangled business. But all you have done for me would scarcely weigh in the balance with the pleasure it is now in your power to bestow on me—in truth, I might say the weighty service you could render me and others more worthy."

Master Fenton looked well-nigh awestruck at the damsel's serious tone and manner.

"Nay, nay, good Mistress Gretchen, you overrate at once my poor services and the deserts that you possess," returned the scrivener, with a most gracious if somewhat constrained smile. "Be assured that I would at the very least place confidence in your pledged word were it a question of such trust, but I still hope and believe that you are inclined to exaggerate some light matter into more serious proportions."

"Not so, not so, good master," she replied, with a slight impatience in her tone. "I am not so great an idiot, and, besides, I am too true a woman not to believe my claims to my own way are literally just, more especially now that I am a grand heiress, thanks to my worthy great-uncle, whom I trust may rest with Noah or Methuselah, or any other of those worthies."

"Well, well," said Master Fenton, with a grave smile, "we will leave those tangled questions, Mistress Gretchen, and come to the point. What is it that you feel you have so great a desire to demand of me?"

There was a pause; then Gretchen's clear, girlish voice came on the atmosphere like a pure bell note. "Master Fenton, I would know the secret of poor Mistress Winifred Wynne's banishment from her father's house and wealth and favour. It must assuredly have been some cruel injustice or some terrible fault to cause such punishment to an only child."

The scrivener sidged uneasily in his chair. "Nay, Mistress Gretchen, this exceeds, perhaps, my power to explain and assuredly my privilege to grant. There are secrets that we are bound in honour to guard when trusted to us by our clients."

"And secrets that you are bound in honour equally to reveal, good master," returned the girl. "When there are injuries and crimes to be redressed by the confession of some concealed mystery on the part of the dead or the living there can be no grievous error in helping to do this worthy deed. And you, with your notions of right and wrong notwithstanding, can scarcely deem it a duty to condemn the innocent to a lasting misery and hardship."

The scrivener's features began to work in a decidedly promising style for the purpose of the young Dutchwoman.

"It is a perplexity to imagine what you can be driving at, Mistress Gretchen," he said, lifting up his

shoulders incredulously. "But if it be any contentment for you to tax my memory and my information by questions, it can be little wrong to any one. I can but forget both questions and answers with all convenient speed."

Gretchen beat her little foot impatiently on the ground.

"That is not what I desire, Master Fenton. I want truth and confidence, not such baby policy. If you will promise to reply to me—if you can answer my questions, I, on my part, will give you my solemn word not to repeat to any human being what you may confide in me; at least, not as coming from you and your lips. Will that satisfy you, or can I go away and set other and more gracious natures at work to discover for me that which I am resolved to learn?"

The scrivener drew his chair nearer to his fair young client.

"Nay, Mistress Gretchen, you shall never have to say that Samuel Fenton deceived your truth nor thwarted your pleasure," he said, hastily, "and if I am able and willing to satisfy your anxious questioning, what then? What shall be the guerdon I am to receive, mistress? Surely it should not all be on one side, albeit it is in my heart to please one so gracious and sweet."

"Ah, we will settle that after, Master Fenton," she returned, archly. "Suppose I find you a nice wife to manage your household and pleasure your leisure moments, what of that? Will you accept such an arrangement, Master Fenton?"

"Oh, yes; sometimes there is a lack in my house, even though I have a trusty and well-ordering housekeeper," stammered the scrivener, colouring like a young damsel rather than a man of forty winters. "And were she like your sweet self, Mistress Gretchen, it were indeed a boon to deserve any service to earn the blessing."

"Of course you are well-paying, you can distinguish between a giddy maiden and a sensible woman," said Gretchen, gravely. "So that being settled, it remains for you to fulfil your bargain. Tell me, what did Mistress Winifred Wynne commit so wrongly to offend the old goldsmith and give the fortune he left to such strange hands? Come, I must be answered, and minutely too. So it is no manner of use to put me off; so just share your secret with me, good master, and maybe we shall discover that two heads are better than one in reflecting and setting on it."

"Well, part of it must be patent to you, Mistress Gretchen," said the scrivener, plucking up courage, "the more especially since it is connected with your own cousin, Adrian. Mistress Winifred never liked him, and her father was resolved that they should wed. That was the first offence; but the worst of all was about that young lord, and the blacklace, which enraged Master Wynne till he was well-nigh distraught."

Gretchen started painfully.

"What of that? to what do you allude, good master?" she exclaimed, hurriedly.

"To some valuable jewels that were placed in Master Wynne's keeping, in pledge for a heavy loan," returned Fenton, in a low and constrained voice, "and then, just ere Master Wynne's death, the jewels were stolen; which, as I believe, hastened his death by the shock."

"Stolen; and by whom? surely not by Mistress Winifred?" asked Gretchen, flushing to the very roots of her fair abundant hair.

"No, no; at least, it was not rightly known who did the deed, and I suspect that the old goldsmith believed that his daughter was inclined to shelter the criminal, since he from that moment seemed as if his senses deserted him. Then he had the sudden illness that was the cause of his decease, and though I cannot say so as to speak the truth, that it killed him to lose the jewels and money or to suspect his child of such complicity, it was certain that he died in a very brief space, and that his will seemed framed for the very object of punishing Mistress Winifred unless she obeyed his commands and betokened her innocence by wedding your cousin, the worthy Master Adrian Meister."

"But who, who was supposed to have committed the crime?" demanded Gretchen, hastily.

"Nay, I can only refer to you the common report," said the scrivener, elevating his eyebrows. "The Lord Clarence Seymour was tried and found guilty on that score, and it was only by an act of her gracious majesty's clemency that he escaped the worst penalty of his deed. That was well known, so it is no breach of trust to reveal so much," he added, with a satisfied nod.

"And do you mean that the Mistress Winifred has actually been stripped of her rights from an idle suspicion, and that no redress remains to her but the odious marriage with a man she hates?" demanded the girl, indignantly.

"I fear so, Mistress Gretchen, only that some sealed document, which Master Wynne himself drew up, is to be opened at a fixed period, and whether it will prove to be any relenting on the goldsmith's part I cannot pretend to say. It was an ugly crime, and, to any honourable man, bore an incensing character, even to the nearest and the best loved who had any complicity in it."

"Certainly. And this necklace—I presume it was of great value?" she asked, averting her eyes carelessly to another part of the room as she waited his reply.

"Truly so—I am informed the necklace was of diamonds fit for a queen, and that it must have been in a manner wrongfully obtained by Lord Clarence, even if it be true that it formed part of the heirlooms which he will one day inherit," returned the scrivener; "and in any case it was base and dishonourable to steal the pledge for so heavy a loan. But the proofs were too strong against him."

Gretchen scarcely appeared to hear his last words.

Her eyes were fixed and her cheeks had lost the bloom that was their almost inalienable charm.

"I have terrified you by my unguarded language, Mistress Gretchen," said Master Fenton, tenderly. "Pardon me, it was your own desire to hear plainly the truth, and I in my bluntness have worked this agitation in your tender nature."

"No—no. It is but a headache that has oppressed me. Your city is close and unhealthy, Master Fenton," she returned, hurriedly. "It is well I am going ere long to quit its precincts. But, ere I go, I would desire one great pleasure that would surpass all others, and that you alone can procure for me. Will you do me the grace? It will cost you nothing save a little trouble, which you will not, I deem, grudge to your departing though troublesome client."

"Name it, sweet mistress, and I deem it not at all probable that it will be denied," said the gallant scrivener.

Gretchen paused a moment ere she pronounced the next words.

"Procure for me an interview with the Mistress Winifred, and without the knowledge of any save yourself. I would fain see her on weighty affairs that may settle all these unhappy dissensions between her and her near of kin. I fancy I can use an argument that may overrule her wilfulness," said the Dutch damsel, eagerly. "Master Fenton, you cannot hesitate if you have any credence in my words. I am serious—earnest in my prayer—as if I were pleading for life and death."

The scrivener moved anxiously.

"I fear greatly it is impossible," he said. "I heard a rumour that she was taken into the queen's palace for some purpose, whence of course she could not be summoned, if the account be true, which I do not vouch for. But I may have some means of learning it, since I have a kinsman who is in the royal service, as clerk of the kitchen, and he can probably ascertain whether such a damsel is in any capacity in the household, which I take it can scarcely be more than a domestic, albeit that is not quite in keeping with her breeding and her dainty ways."

"Well, well, I entreat you to use your best endeavours, dear, good Master Fenton," said Gretchen hastily, rising. "And accept this small token of my good-will and gratitude," she added, placing a seal ring in his hand, with a frank, bewitching smile on her young lips that well nigh turned the head of the scrivener, while it conveyed only too fatally the entire absence of any response to his admiration in the young Dutch stranger maiden.

CHAPTER XLVII

"VIOLA, you will never learn wisdom or patience. You have completely ruined what might have been a fair prospect for your establishment in life," said the Lady Lisle, fretfully, as she and her daughter lounged in morning wrappers over a half-discussed and luxurious breakfast-table in the private sitting-room of the Lady Lisle.

"Really, mamma, I do not see what you could expect me to do," replied Viola, sipping her chocolate with an air of nonchalance. "If Sir Cecil Vernon cared so little for me as to retire on the first rebuke from the queen, and if you have so little influence with her majesty as her manner betokened, I consider it is for me to complain, and not to be lectured as if I was not the chief sufferer by all these blunders. I do believe Cecil cares more for Winifred Wynne after all than me, and if she had all the money Lady Churchill used to predict I deserve he would court the little low-born, odious creature even now."

And scalding tears gathered in Viola's pretty eyes, that had decidedly more passion than sorrow in their overflowing source.

"Well, then, it proves that you have not the art of catching people that Winifred possesses. And I am

sure that is no fault of mine," retorted Lady Lisle. "I have brought you even as a mere child into the most attractive society of this county, where you might have learnt something better than to just look pretty and never catch a real admirer by your beauty. There was Lord Clarence Seymour, who fairly put you in the background for that foreign girl, and though it might not have turned out well if you had really brought him to your feet, yet he will very probably get out of this trouble when his brother dies, which I don't suppose can be long. They will not keep a young nobleman in disgrace longer than they can help in these troublous times, lest he should be driven over to St. Germain in good earnest, and draw others after him. So there was another excellent position lost. It is really very troublesome and discouraging to me, especially while your father is detained so long, and his last letters speak of our going out to join him, unless I have good reason to expect your marriage soon, in which event he would return home, and, most surely, would remain here. It is really most incensing," continued the lady, in a plaintive tone, as if Viola had wilfully discarded the suitors whom she desired she should have secured.

The girl's flushing face and pouting lips bespoke the angry reply that was hovering on her tongue when at the moment the door opened, and a domestic appeared with some perplexity and doubt in his look and manner.

"If you please, my lady, a young damsel requests to see you, though she will not send her name, but she is, I cannot question, a gentleman, my lady, for she has arrived in a coach, and she spoke sweet and low, and yet she has a sort of proud look, my lady."

And the serving-man, who was familiarly attached to the immediate service of Lady Lisle and her daughter, stood at ease, waiting the orders of his mistress.

"What say you, Viola? We can do no harm by admitting this mysterious stranger," observed the mother, diverted for the moment from her grievance by the novelty of the occurrence, though the girl herself was scarcely so easily to be propitiated.

"I am sure I do not care. It all means something bad, I suppose. There is no good fortune for me, though I don't know what I have done to be so unlucky," was the sullen reply.

Lady Lisle wisely ignored the manner and acted on the matter of the ascent.

"Show the young gentleman into this room, then, Paul. I do not suppose our toilettes will signify in the case of a guest who will not send in a name," returned Lady Lisle to her domestic, who at once obeyed the order, and was heard rapidly ascending once again to the apartment.

Even the indignant Viola could not repress some curiosity to ascertain the identity of the mysterious visitor, though she busied herself in feeding a pug dog on her lap, while furtively regarding the door from under her downcast lids.

It opened at last. The servant stood aside to admit a slight young figure attired in mourning, with a veil thrown thickly over the features that obscured any chance of recognition. But as soon as she had made a graceful obeisance to Lady Lisle, and the door closed behind the slow steps of the inquisitive Paul, the visitor threw back the veil and revealed the lovely face of the goldsmith's daughter, more beautiful than ever from the agitation of the embarrassing occasion.

Lady Lisle uttered a slight exclamation that was scarcely audible to her companions, but Viola was less reticent.

"Good Heavens! Winifred Wynne, what brings you here?" she exclaimed, angrily. "I never thought you would favour us by such an honour now that you are in the palace service. Have you lost your place there?"

"Silence, Viola, you are mad!" interrupted her mother, angrily. "Winifred, seat yourself, and do not notice the ruffled temper of this thoughtless girl, whose tongue needs as much government as in your childish days together."

Perhaps Winifred was scarcely more deceived by the honied words of the Lady Lisle than the insults of her passionate daughter. But her errand was not to be affected by either mood of those it concerned, and she quietly obeyed the behest of her hostess and placed herself on a neighbouring chair.

"Well, what is in your mind to reveal to us, Mistress Winifred?" resumed Lady Lisle, in affected playfulness. "I agree with Viola that you doubtless have some especial purpose in visiting such long-straggled friends of your childish days."

"You say truly, madam. I should scarcely have intruded on your privacy, or appeared in a house where I was but admitted on a kind of sufferance," she replied, with graceful dignity. "But I am sent

here on a mission that I was not able to decline though," she added, gravely, "I well believe it would have been more welcome, perhaps, from other lips than mine."

Lady Lisle smiled uneasily.

"That must depend on the tidings you bring," she said, lightly. "Good news gilds the features of those who are estranged with it, and I think from the expression of your face, that it is scarcely evil that you are here to announce."

"No, no; or I would have prayed even more earnestly not to be its agent," returned the girl, quickly. "But to be brief, madam, I bear the queen's gracious commands to inform you of the—of her intention to rescind her refusal of—of the object of your audience some days since, and that she had ordered inquiries to be instituted which have satisfied her that the grace can be bestowed on you without any injustice or injury to others, whom she, in her royal graciousness, feared might suffer by the change in the possession of these forfeited estates. Your ladyship will have due and formal notification of the royal pleasure, but it was the queen's wish that I should make it known to you, since—since—"

and here the girl's voice faltered—"her majesty bade me add, she had been induced to reconsider it by my prayer, humble as such intercession must have been from my lowly self."

Viola literally sprang to her feet in surprise.

"Yours, Winifred—yours!" she exclaimed, the better feelings that are seldom altogether dead in a youthful heart gushing forth at the strange news. "It was not deserved. I have been unkind, unjust—can you forgive me?"

And she threw herself on Winifred's neck in girlish delight and emotion that had little reticence or drawback from the memories of the past or the humiliation of the present.

But the Lady Lisle was at once more thunder-stricken and more far-seeing in her joy and relief. Winifred Wynne seemed at the same time the good and the evil genius of her beautiful child.

Powerful beyond credibility to accomplish such a service with the sovereign, who was known to be at once obstinate in her decisions as she was facile in her less determined moods—lovely enough to dazzle and win by her own charms and, as the lady shrewdly suspected, secretly attractive to more than one of the proud nobles of the court, it was humiliating to Viola Lisle that she should be eclipsed in charms and indebted for the gifts of fortune to the slighted and despised goldsmith's daughter.

But, though these thoughts flashed rapidly over the brain of the high-born lady, yet it could scarce induce the madness of betraying them to the favourite of the queen.

"It can be best expressed by that young tongue what we both feel, Winifred," she said, in the soft winningness she could assume at her pleasure. "You must have witchery among your gifts to accomplish such wonders, and no doubt the end of your own destiny will carry out the same magic spell. Is it the queen's pleasure that I should offer my dutiful gratitude in person, or must I transmit it through your fairy medium?" she continued, with a slight accent of annoyance, even sarcasm, in her tone.

Viola hastily interposed.

"Oh, mamma, leave it to Winifred. It will be like the pretty pictures through glass, that broke and vanished when touched. I feel as if I am in a dream even now. And Cecil will scarcely credit the marvel even when he is brought to his senses, that left him so cruelly," she added, with a gay laugh.

"And what would restore his senses, fair Viola?" said Cecil's voice, making the pre-engrossed trio start as if galvanised by the sudden sound. "Forgive the intrusion thus unannounced, my Lady Lisle," he went on, turning to the half-indignant hostess, "but I had a mysterious command, or warning, if you so please to call it, that bade me present myself at your shrine without delay, and I gladly accepted the welcome note of pardon which the message implied."

As he spoke his eyes fell for the first time on Winifred's retreating figure, and the glance brought a quick flush to his telltale features.

"I was informed that I should find a herald of good tidings at the Lady Lisle's," he said, mastering his embarrassment with some difficulty. "Am I to recognize the promised messenger in Mistress Winifred Wynne?"

Lady Lisle made a virtue of necessity, as her quick brain discovered the real truth of the situation.

"We have indeed reason to consider Mistress Winifred as a good angel, Sir Cecil, since her majesty herself proclaims her to be the agent in accomplishing the great object I have striven for so earnestly," she said, taking the hand of the shrinking girl and drawing her forward towards the spot where Sir

Cecil stood. "You, as one of the chief recipients of the happiness thus conferred, are bound to help me in speaking the thanks that are due."

Sir Cecil bowed assent, but though he touched the hand thus extended to him with his lips and his tongue murmured some words that had at least the grace of coming from the heart, yet they lacked the eager flow of joyful delight which should have burst from the breast of a loving bridegroom just assured of his future happiness.

Did Winifred feel the chill of such reticence, or did she interpret it aright?

Not long was any doubt in her mind as to the real feelings that were struggling in the mind of her whimsical lover, for when, some few minutes after, she took her leave on the plea of the necessary return to her duties and Cecil handed her in formal courtesy to the coach, he whispered, in low, choked tones:

"Winifred, forgive me. I feel my error now. I may wed, I may brave it with the best, but I can never love but you, my heart's first and only choice!"

The girl hastily sprang into the coach ere he could even divine the expression of her features, but if the romantic nature of Queen Anne had arranged a triumph for her protégée her end was assuredly attained.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

PHOSPHORUS CRYSTALS.—M. Blondlot announces that crystals of phosphorus may be obtained by heating dry phosphorus in a sealed tube at 112 degrees Fah. The phosphorus volatilizes and forms crystals on the upper portion of the tube.

PURIFICATION OF METALS.—If the substance of which a filter is composed has no attraction for the particles of the liquid to be filtered—that is, is not wetted by it—the interstices of the filter do not act like capillary tubes, and the liquid will not pass through. Mercury will not run through a very fine sieve of iron or copper wire, unless the wire be amalgamated; and if this be done, although the meshes be very fine, the mercury will pass through easily, while any pieces of iron, copper, or amalgam will be retained in the filter.

IMPROVED BELT-GEARED COTTON PRESS.—The last improved cotton press is driven by a belt in the same manner as a gin stand or mill. It is not necessary either to stop or slacken the speed of the driving shaft to reverse the motion of the screw, while the belt always runs in the same direction. The general construction of the apparatus is strong and durable, and it has withstood the strain of making bales ranging as high as 610 lbs. without breakage. The machine has now been in use for three seasons, giving, as we are informed, uniform satisfaction.

THE ORGAN OF THE MIND.

DR. W. A. HAMMOND recently delivered an address in which he endeavoured to show that the brain is not the only organ of the mind. Dr. Hammond began by saying that where there is no nervous system there is no mind, and that where there is injury or derangement of the nervous system there is corresponding injury or derangement of the mind and proceeded to review at length experiments conducted upon living animals, the brains of which had been previously removed.

A frog continues to perform those functions which are immediately connected with the maintenance of life. The heart beats, the stomach digests and the glands of the body continue to elaborate the several secretions proper to them. If the web between the toes be pinched the limb is immediately withdrawn, if the shoulder be scratched with a needle the hind foot of the same side is raised to remove the instrument, if the animal is held up by one leg it struggles, if placed on its back—a position to which frogs have a great antipathy—it immediately turns over on its belly, if one foot be held firmly with a pair of forceps the frog endeavours to draw it away, if unsuccessful it places the other foot against the instrument and pushes firmly in the effort to remove it. Still not successful, it writhes the body from side to side and makes a movement forward. All these and even more complicated motions are performed by the decapitated alligator, and in fact may be witnessed to some extent in all animals. The speaker had repeatedly seen the headless body of the rattlesnake coil itself into a threatening attitude, and, when irritated, strike its trunk against the offending body.

Dr. Hammond then proceeded to explain a large number of experiences under his hypothesis. He said that the phenomena of reverie are similar in some respects to those of somnambulism. In this condition the mind pursues the train of reasoning,

often of a most forcible character, but yet so abstract and intense that, though actions may be performed by the body, they have no relations with the current of thought, but are essentially automatic, and made in obedience to sensorial impressions which are not perceived by the brain.

In the case of a person performing on the piano, and at the same time carrying on a conversation, we have a most striking instance of the diverse, though harmonious action of the brain and spinal cord. Here the mind is engaged with ideas, and the spinal cord directs the manipulations necessary to the proper rendering of the musical composition.

In somnambulism the brain is asleep, and this quiescent state of the organ is often accompanied in nervous and excitable persons by an excited condition of the spinal cord, and then we have the highest order of somnambulist manifestations, such as walking and the performance of complex and apparently systematic movements. If the sleep of the brain be less profound, or the spinal cord less excitable, the somnambulist manifestations do not extend beyond sleep-talking. A still less degree of cerebral inaction, or of spinal excitability, produces simply a restless sleep and a little muttering; and when the sleep is natural and the nervous system well balanced, the movements do not extend beyond changing the position and turning over in bed.

The phenomena of catalepsy, trance, and ecstasy are also indications of an independent action of the spinal cord, inasmuch as the power of the brain is not exercised over the body, but is quiescent or engrossed with subjects which have strongly impressed it.

Dr. Hammond did not contend that the spinal cord, to say nothing of the sympathetic system, is as important a centre of mental influence as is the brain. The latter organ predominates, the very highest attributes of the mind come from it, and the cord is subordinate when the brain is capable of acting. But it seems illogical to deny mental power to the spinal cord after a consideration of such experiments and other facts brought forward, and hence we are justified in concluding:—

1. That of the mental faculties, perception and volition are seated in the spinal chord as well as in the central ganglia. 2. That the cord is not probably capable of originating mental influence independently of sensorial impressions—a condition of the brain also, till it has accumulated through the senses. 3. That, as memory is not an attribute of the mental influence exerted by the spinal cord, it requires, unlike the brain, a new impression in order that mental force may be produced.

THE SUB-WEALDEN EXPLORATION.—At a meeting of the Sub-Wealden Exploration Committee it was reported that a depth of 1,065 feet had been reached, cores and fossils being exhibited which were considered to belong unmistakably to the Kimmeridge clay. It was said that financial difficulties imperilled the completion of the work, but it was resolved to continue it until a depth of 1,500 feet had been reached, and the committee adjourned until a depth of 1,400 feet should be reported.

QUALITIES OF HARDENED GLASS.—The hardened glass of M. de la Bastie has excited considerable interest of late. Professor Bauer, of Vienna, considers it will be unsuitable in some cases, owing to its breaking into very small pieces, and in the preparing of hollow glasses and large plates there is the difficulty of effecting an equable and rapid immersion in a hot liquid. Professor Bauer calls to mind that while glass was formerly thought a perfectly homogeneous and amorphous substance, it has been shown in recent years that if it be heated to the melting point and allowed slowly to cool there is an unmixing of its components, and crystalline groups are separated. One may suppose that in the molten state glass is a homogeneous mass, and if the cooling takes place quickly, to a certain point, the unmixing or separation cannot proceed so far, so the glass remains more homogeneous, and this may account for the hardness of the toughened glass on the one hand and its peculiar brittleness on the other.

LIGHT AS A MOTOR.

SOME new discoveries relating to light, the most important that have been made since spectrum analysis became an accomplished fact have been made by Mr. William Crookes, and excited great interest at a recent meeting of the Royal Society, as well as at the soirée held by the same body a few days previous. The first discoveries by Mr. Crookes were made known to the Royal Society in August, 1872, but his recent are still more remarkable.

Mr. Crookes began by stating that, in the paper which he had previously read he had made known how a lever arm of pith, delicately suspended in a perfect vacuum, was repelled by the impact of light or radiant heat. A great condition of success was

to experiment with the utmost degree of rarefaction; consequently the lever arms were suspended in glass bulbs from which air had been exhausted by means of the Sprengel pump, which gives a much more perfect vacuum than can be obtained by any other apparatus.

Until these experiments were made it was supposed that light had no action upon a lever arm of small ponderosity suspended in vacuo. Indeed, the circumstance that light could not turn a lever arm so suspended has been quoted in standard scientific text-books as one point in the long chain of evidence against the truth of Newton's emission theory of light. Mr. Crookes exhibited a bar of pith suspended by a cocoon fibre in a large glass bulb well exhausted. When a lighted candle was placed about two inches from this bulb the pith bar began to swing to and fro, the swing gradually increasing in amplitude until the dead centre was passed over, when several complete revolutions were made. The torsion of the suspended fibre then offered resistance to the revolutions, after which the bar began to turn in the opposite direction, and so on alternately. These movements were kept up with energy and regularity so long as the candle continued to burn. When instead of a candle a piece of ice was placed near the bulb, one end of the lever arm came towards it as if attracted; but the truth was, as explained by Mr. Crookes, that radiant heat was acting upon the pith bar from all parts of the room, and that the presentation of the piece of ice lowered the radiation on one side; consequently the movement was really caused by repulsion acting in the opposite direction.

In order to measure some of these effects Mr. Crookes used a piece of tubular glass apparatus in the shape of an inverted T, containing a horizontal glass beam, suspended by a very fine glass thread. At the extremities of the beam were attached the substances to be subjected to experiment. In the centre of the beam was a small mirror, from which a ray of light was reflected on to a graduated scale. Thus the amount of repulsion produced could be measured. The advantage which a glass thread possesses over a cocoon fibre is that the index always goes back to zero. The fibres used to suspend the arms are so excessively fine that when the end of one of them is held in the hand the fibre usually curls upwards like a cobweb until the other end of it floats almost vertically in the air.

As the vacuum becomes less perfect the repulsion grows less, until at last the neutral point is reached where there is no action at all. If still more air be then admitted, attraction instead of repulsion sets in. The barometric pressure of the neutral point varies with the density of the superseded substance on which the radiation falls; it varies also with the ratio of its mass to its surface, and with several other conditions. Thus the neutral point for a thin surface of pith being low, whilst that for a moderately thick piece of platinum is high; it follows that, with a rarefaction intermediate between these two points, pith will be repelled while platinum will be attracted by the same power of radiation. Mr. Crookes proved this experimentally by showing simultaneous attraction and repulsion by the same ray of light.

GLYCERINE AS AN ILLUMINATING MATERIAL.—M. Schering states that glycerine may be burned in any lamp so long as the flame is kept on a level with the liquid. The latter, on account of its consistency, will not ascend an elevated wick. The flame, like that of alcohol, is almost colourless, and the material is especially adapted for absorbing a large proportion of saline substances. By introducing substances rich in carbon, it appears that the flame may be rendered suitable for illuminating purposes. The low price of glycerine, and its property of not volatilizing at high temperatures, add to its advantages in this direction.

THE ORIGIN OF THE EARTH'S CRUST.

In the light of recent discoveries, Byron's poetic extravagance: "The dust we tread on was alive!" becomes a simple statement of observed fact. And the earlier and more paradoxical assertion of Linnaeus, that not the superficial dust merely but the very framework of the earth is the product of life, would seem to be equally true. "Fossils are not the children, but the parents of rocks," he said; and Huxley declares that the whole effect of the discoveries made since his day has been to complete a larger and larger commentary on his words. The deeper we go into the history of the earth's crust, the greater the part we find to have been played by life in determining its composition and character. Even the rocks heretofore accounted azoic, and of an age anterior to the beginning of life, are now shown to be, in all probability, of organic origin; still more remarkable, as in process of formation to-day.

His observations of Dr. Hooker during Sir James

Ross's voyage of antarctic exploration, confirmed by those of Dr. Wyville Thompson in the "Challenger" expedition, leave no doubt that the antarctic sea bottom, from the fiftieth parallel to the eightieth, perhaps to the pole, if the sea extends so far, is being covered with a fine deposit of silicious mud composed of the shells of diatomaceous vegetation, the skeletons of radiolarian animals (all microscopic and inhabiting the surface water) with the spicules of sponges which live on the bottom. In many parts of the arctic sea, bed a similar deposit is known to be in process of formation. Thus, through the agency of minute life, immense beds of silicious rock are forming in the polar regions, similar in character to those of early geological strata. In many cases the soft and friable fine-grained sandstones thus formed in fresh water have been changed by the action of percolating water into a dense, semi-transparent, opaline stone; and there is no reason to doubt that the same metamorphic agencies may convert the polar deposits likewise into a form of quartzite, a kind of rock whose organic origin was formerly unsuspected.

Throughout the broad belt of warmer water between the polar caps of silicious mud the same accumulations are going on, but they are obscured and overpowered by an immensely greater amount of calcareous sediment, chiefly composed of the skeletons of dead foraminifera, also microscopic. This forms the globigerina ooze, containing a large percentage of carbonate of lime and a small percentage of silica: a chalky deposit capable of conversion into limestone and even crystalline marble by ordinary metamorphic agencies.

The formation of coral reefs has long been a favourite illustration of the gigantic results effected by minute organism: but great as these are—and the longest coral reef extends, like a huge wall, two thousand feet high—the work of the little reef builders becomes insignificant in comparison with the debris of microscopic life which covers the beds of all the seas to unknown depths; while the coralline limestones of the continents, vast and massive as they are, are immensely overbalanced by the strata which undoubtedly owe their existence to minute plants and animals.

The cretaceous globigerina ooze is the most widely-spread material of the sea bottom throughout all the great oceans, at depths from a few hundred to over two thousand fathoms. In shallower waters, and they are extensive, the gray ooze is slowly transformed into a green deposit identical in character with the greensands of the geologists; a formation which Ehrenberg found to be mainly made up of casts in a silicate of lime and alumina of the interior cavities of foraminifera, after Professor Bailey had discovered that such was the origin of the greenish mud from the sea bottom off the Florida coast. "In these casts the minutest cavities and finest tubes in the foraminifera were sometimes reproduced in solid counterparts of the glassy mineral, while the calcareous original had been entirely dissolved away." In other places, in the Gulf of Mexico, in the South Atlantic, and in the Pacific, the same transformation of globigerina ooze to greensand is going on.

But the most remarkable change goes on in the extreme depths of the sea, especially below 3,000 fathoms. Professor Thompson reports that, in crossing from the shallower regions occupied by the ooze into the deeper surroundings, the calcareous formation is found universally to pass gradually into an extremely fine, pure clay, which occupies, speaking generally, all depths below 2,500 fathoms, and consists almost entirely of a silicate of a red oxide of iron and alumina.

"The transition is very slow, and extends over several hundred fathoms of increasing depth; the shells gradually lose their sharpness of outline, and assume a kind of 'rollen' look and a brownish colour, and become more and more mixed with an amorphous red-brown powder, which increases steadily in proportion until the lime has almost entirely disappeared."

The geological importance of this red clay formation is shown by the fact that, in sounding between Tenerife and Sombroero, a distance of about 2,700 miles, two areas of red clay (aggregating 1,900 miles across) were discovered.

From his studies of the character and distribution of the red clay, Professor Thompson concludes that it is not introduced from without, but that it is produced by the removal, by some means unknown, of the carbonate of lime which forms something like 98 per cent. of the material of globigerina ooze; that it is, in fact, the ash or insoluble residue of calcareous organisms: a supposition sustained by the reddish mud, consisting of silica, alumina, and red oxide of iron, that remains after treating the ooze with a dilute acid. But one test remains to be tried to give, if successful, the highest probability to Professor Thompson's conclusion; and that is the chemical examination of globigerina, diatoms, and the rest, taken in the open sea for the constitu-

ents of the red clay. This done, we might rest satisfied that the clay is, as Professor Thompson believes, an essential element of the organic part of the ooze, and therefore to be classed, with chalk, as an organic product, not, as heretofore supposed, as in all cases the result of the disintegration of older rocks.

The significance of this admission of clay to the list of organic products can scarcely be over-estimated, for it compels us to push back the probable antiquity of life to periods so remote that the Lower Silurian epoch becomes relatively modern. It is, as Professor Thompson observes, impossible to avoid associating the red clays of existing deep seas with the fine, smooth, homogeneous clays and schists of the remotest geological periods, formations which, more or less metamorphosed, obtain such a vast thickness in the so-called azoic strata.

Reviewing the results of the "Challenger" expedition in this field of research, Professor Huxley, assuming the correctness of Professor Thompson's hypothesis, shows how, by the agencies of the microscopic plants and animals which are filling existing seas with silicious, cretaceous, and clayey sediments, the entire crust of the earth might have been developed. "Just as a silicious deposit may be metamorphosed into opal or quartzite," he says, in conclusion, "and chalk into marble, so known metamorphic agencies may metamorphose clay into schist, clay-slate, slate, gneiss, or even granite. And thus by the agency of the lowest and simplest of organisms our imaginary globe might be covered with strata of all the chief kinds of rocks of which the known crust of the earth is composed, of indefinite thickness and extent."

The agency of organic acids in precipitating from chalybeate and other mineral waters our beds of iron ore, our veins of copper and other metals, according to Professor T. Sterry Hunt, falls in here as another indication of the vast, almost omnipotent, influence of life in determining the earth's mineral character, and consequently its geology, geography, flora, fauna, and the rest.

The precise point at which Captain Boyton touched the English shore, at the conclusion of his late Channel voyage, has been named Boyton Rock. He says he did rock.

A VALUABLE RELIC.—A charter, 900 years old, granted by King Edgar, has just been placed before the public by the Ordnance Survey. Its fine old writing is perfectly preserved. The witnesses to the charter include persons of the highest rank. Among them are Elfrida, the Queen, and Archbishop Dunstan, the prelate who took the Evil One by the nose with red-hot tongs. The grant is of land in Devonshire made to Duke Eilfrere.

GROUSE AND GAME PROSPECTS IN YORKSHIRE.—The prospect of the grouse on the moors on Hambleton is of a most promising nature. The old birds are healthy, and the season for hatching so far could not well have been more favourable; for there has almost been a total absence in the district of thunder showers, which are at all times so destructive to the young broods. The present prospects point to an abundant and early crop of birds. Accounts reach us of a good season for both ground and winged game, in a great measure owing to the dry time for breeding.

RACING MAXIMS.—"When a horse is coming in second," says the Wise Man, "very close, but his inferiority to his antagonist is manifest, a prudent and discreet jockey will be very careful not to make him struggle and wear himself out to no purpose, as he cannot possibly win." As for what is called a "fine" finish, it is a fine expression very likely to mislead the uninitiated, who may consider it identical with either a brilliant finish or a close finish. It is more like the former than the latter in one sense, and the latter than the former in another, for it means that the race is won by a shave, that the shave is voluntary. Many a race is believed to have been lost by a jockey's infatuated passion for this sort of juggling finish, which displays his calculation and dexterity.

CHINESE WAR PREPARATIONS.—The American artillery and naval officers in the service of China deputed to visit Europe for the purpose of superintending the building of torpedo ships, purchase of guns, etc., are now on their way to Pekin. Ten torpedo vessels, similar in construction to those so successfully used in the James River during the recent civil war in America, have been built on the Thames, and are now ready to be despatched, in addition to a number of Krupp and Armstrong guns, with their necessary ammunition. We are informed that the first of the formidable series of defences contemplated by the Government of Pekin will be erected on the Peiho River.

A MINIATURE TIMEPIECE.—It is said that Louis XIV. used to carry a watch about with him which was set in one of his finger rings. This was rightly

considered a marvel in the horological art, but the expense of producing such diminutive machines has doubtless prevented their coming into general use. The ingenuity that could construct them, however, has not died out in these modern days, and Mr. Dixon, of London Street, Norwich, with his usual enterprise, has had one constructed for himself. It is a gold Geneva watch, so small that a threepenny piece will cover the face of it. Notwithstanding this, the works are as perfect as in any of the good old-fashioned leviathan hunters our forefathers delighted in. The watch is not for sale, but Mr. Dixon will be happy to show it to any person who may wish to see it.

LOVE'S PERILS.

CHAPTER XV.

ALTHOUGH Gervase had thus fortunately achieved the deliverance of the De Previlles from the more pressing dangers that had threatened them his mind was not at ease, nor could he hope to rest from similar exertions in the cause of benevolence.

One of the best-known and, previous to the revolution, most respected and loved of the French nobles was the Count de Claremont. Of enlightened mind and amiable disposition, he had ever evinced towards the peasant upon his estates rather the care of a parent than the authority of a feudal seigneur, and in return these rude men had a heartfelt love for their lord.

As the rise of revolutionary fury, however, rose higher and higher and became each day more terrible the count found himself in hourly danger of being denounced by some patriot as an aristocrat who desired to become an émigré and a plotter against France, and hence for some time he had been hiding in a refuge known but to a few friends.

But Gervase knew very well that the madness of the hour would induce such thorough searches, that the ferocity of the hour would demand so universal a sacrifice, that it was unsafe for the count to remain longer in the city.

He had accordingly procured a passport for him, and after having got rid of Dernaude and Brutus, repaired to the count's lodgings to urge his immediate flight.

His attachment to the count dated from the latter's generosity to his son Paul, a saddler by trade, who had squandered all the savings of his old father.

But of a sudden a change came over the young man; he reformed his evil habits and promised to lead an industrious and regular life. For his re-establishment, however, money was necessary. Gervase applied to the De Previlles. But they had already advanced money, and they had no faith in Paul's reformation.

The almost distracted father then appealed to the Count de Claremont. The count was touched by the story, and advanced a large sum of money—not as a loan, but a gift.

Paul was enabled to set up for himself in business and to marry.

Both father and son were profuse in expressions of gratitude—and now the opportunity had arrived when the former was enabled to prove his sincerity.

On his way to the count's Gervase passed an immense multitude of people moving in procession with drum, torches and banners, making the narrow streets ring with the thrilling notes of the Marseillaise.

When he entered the count's apartments he found him much alarmed at this public demonstration, of which he anxiously inquired the cause.

"Nothing, count," replied Gervase.

"What poor victims' lives are they thirsting for now?" asked the count.

"Nobody's, sir," replied Gervase. "It was only their manner of testifying their joy. It was the sections marching to solicitate the districts on their having saved the country—the commune going to congratulate the nation on saving the country; and so they go. They pass their lives in saving the country and congratulating each other on it—except when, in a less amiable humour, they denounce each other, and cut each other's throats. But here is a letter for you, sir, that came to my care."

The count took the letter: "I recognize the handwriting," said he. "It is from an old friend of mine—Baron de Bracy."

Then hastily opening it, he read aloud: "MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have reliable news from unhappy Paris; and as you live in such utter retirement, it may be news to you though you live upon the spot. The party which oppresses France has sworn to make an end of the nobility. It has prepared its plans in secret, and will not hesitate to strike the blow. Lose no time in crossing the frontier. Delay in this crisis is not danger alone—but death."

"Your devoted friend, DE BRACY."

"It is but too true," said Gervase, "nothing short of the heads of all the nobility will satisfy these monsters."

"Then you counsel me to fly?" asked the count.

"Without a doubt."

"For a long time," replied the count, "I have resisted a secret impulse to do so. You know that at the outset I condemned the emigration of the nobility. I always thought that a soldier should never desert his standard, and my standard was my country. I saw the standard-bearer, the king, fall—still I refused to emigrate. The queen went next—one after another, the noblest heads were laid upon the block. Still I hoped for some new turn of fortune—for the restoration of order and peace."

"There is no longer room for hope," said Gervase.

"I fear not," said the count.

"And you have made up your mind to use the passport I have furnished you and escape?"

"I have," said the count. "Your son Paul has bought me a good horse, which is in the stable; for though I might perform the journey on foot, still I am old, and my strength might fail me."

"I am glad Paul has not forgotten his obligations to you."

"The little assistance I rendered him was cheerfully given," said the count, "and you have repaid me by saving my life."

"I have only done my duty, sir," said Gervase. "Noble man," said the count, shaking his hand warmly. "Heaven will reward you for your kindness to the unfortunate. I trust we shall meet again, when happier days have come. I am sorry to leave you, and in such a place as Paris is at present."

"The reign of terror cannot last for ever," said Gervase; "and, as an exaggerated patriot, I hope to escape suspicion until the tempest has exhausted itself. The friends of order must eventually triumph."

He then went into some arrangements for the count's safety and departed.

Gervase proceeded at once to the house of his son Paul, and directed him to take to the apartments of the count a saddle which he had been ordered to prepare agreeably to the count's instructions with all possible dispatch.

Accordingly the young man soon after presented himself with the saddle, and was shown into the private sitting-room of the count.

While waiting the arrival of his patron and benefactor Paul gave himself up to his reflections.

These reflections were of the most gloomy description. The gambler's evil genius had been relentlessly pursuing him.

"Where are the proceeds of my mortgaged stock-in-trade?" he soliloquized. "Gone—gone at the gaming-table. They think me reformed. Folly! who ever heard of a reformed gambler? A boy, I played for money. A youth, I staked on the cards. My father's earnings went that way. Three-quarters of what the count gave me went that way. And now, with a wife clamorous for bread, with notes due to the usurer's to-morrow, I must still play on, dreaming that one successful stroke of fortune will make me a rich man. The sight of gold—the thought of gold maddens me. But I shall never see it more—I have staked my last sou—my wife is starving, and nothing is left me but the pistol or the river."

At this moment the count entered. The saddler rose and saluted him respectfully.

"Ah," said the count. "I thank you for your zeal. You have brought the saddle, I see?"

"Yes, sir."

"The rest of the horse furniture is in the stable?"

"It is, sir."

"Are there pistols in the holsters?"

"Yes, sir. Three, buckshot and a ball in each."

"Tis well. You wondered, I suppose, that I had the saddle brought up here?"

"It did seem rather odd, sir," replied Paul.

"Well—I have no secrets from you, Paul. You left an opening in the saddle-flaps?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you brought needles and thread with you?"

"I did, sir."

"Good. Now my plan is this. I have a large sum in my possession. Gold and diamonds, chiefly the latter—worth three hundred thousand francs!"

"Worth three hundred thousand francs!" echoed the saddler.

"Yes, long ago, foreseeing these unhappy troubles, I converted the remnants of my property into this portable shape. You and your father are the only persons in the world to whom I would confide this secret. Now I'm going to hide away my treasure, and then you must sew up the saddle-flaps."

With these words, the count produced from his pocket various small packages, and proceeded to stow away their glittering contents in the flaps of

the saddle, distributing them as evenly as possible. Paul watched him with avid eyes, a thousand evil thoughts chasing each other through his brain as he looked on.

"Now," said the count, at length, "my task is ended—and yours begins."

Mechanically the saddler produced his implements, and set to work; but his hands trembled as he passed the needle through the leather and drew the thread. His brain was in a whirl—a thousand wild thoughts chased each other through his mind. Here was a fortune beneath his very hands—and yet it belonged to another. At one moment he thought he would spring up, rush upon the count and strangle him, and he would have done so had he not been so cowardly as he was guilty. He lingered over his task prolonging it in the hope that some tangible scheme for getting possession of the coveted treasure would present itself to his brain. The count sat beside him, watching him at his work, and there must have been something in his expression which struck unfavourably even the guileless soul of his benefactor; for when at last the saddler's task was reluctantly completed, and he asked if he could not take the saddle to the stable, the count replied coldly in the negative.

"I shall have no farther occasion for your services, Paul," said he.

"But you had better let me saddle your horse for you, sir."

"I am an old trooper," said the count, "and have not forgotten what I learned when a cadet. Besides, I shall have to shift for myself when I am once out of Paris, and I cannot begin too soon."

"Well, I wish you good fortune, sir," muttered the saddler.

"Thank you, Paul—I know you do," he replied.

As soon as Paul had left the nobleman's presence he hurried with frantic haste to announce to the self-constituted authorities of the hour the intended flight of the man whose hidden wealth he intended to make his own if he could possibly compass it.

Meanwhile the count completed his preparations for departure, and, under cover of the darkness, went round to his stable with the saddle in his hand. This he carefully placed upon the back of the horse, taking care to make sure that the girth was right. After lifting every foot in turn, and ascertaining that the shoes were in good order, he extinguished the light, led his horse into the courtyard, and, unlocking and opening the gateway that led into the street, prepared to mount. But at that moment a noise was heard in the street. The count paused to listen, with his foot in the stirrup and his hand on the mane. His experienced ear distinguished the regular tramp of a body of soldiers. In an instant he was in the saddle and wheeled his horse to the gateway. But he was too late. A file of armed men barred the passage, and a municipal officer, with a paper in his hand, flanked by a torch-bearer, advanced, and said, in a stern voice:

"In the name of the law, I arrest thee, Eustace, ex-Count de Claremont."

"This must be some mistake, my friend," said the count, gently.

"No mistake whatever," replied the officer. "You must surrender yourself. You perceive it is useless to resist."

"Oh, I don't think of it," said the count. "But, my dear sir, you are giving yourself unnecessary trouble; I have done nothing to cause my arrest. I was about leaving town, it is true, but I have a passport."

"All passports are revoked. Come, sir, dismount," said the officer.

"Certainly," replied the count, and he bent over his horse's neck, as if to obey the order. But he had no such intention. His eye, all the time, had been fixed upon the soldiers. He saw that his apparent submission had put them off their guard. They were standing at ease and leaning carelessly on their muskets. Quick as thought, the count sat erect in his saddle, and driving both spurs into the flanks of his fiery horse, dashed through the gateway at full speed. The furious charge overthrew two of the republican soldiers, and the next instant the horse's hoofs were dashing the fire from the pavement in the street.

"Follow!" roared the municipal officer, furiously. "Follow and fire! If the aristocrat escapes, you shall all go to the guillotine."

The soldiers rushed into the street. The whole affair occupied but a few seconds. An instant more and the count would turn the corner. The blaze of a dozen muskets lighted up the narrow street, and the crash of their detonation rattled the window panes. The horse, who had never been broken to stand firm, reared bolt upright in the air, wavered for a moment, and then fell over backward with a crash. When the count, stunned by his fall, recovered his senses, he was in the hands of the guard.

"Take this beast back to the stable," said the

officer, to one of the soldiers, as the horse rose to his feet.

"And the ex-count?" asked the sergeant in command of the squad.

"To the prison of the Luxembourg!" replied the officer. "At daylight he will have a chance to see the Revolutionary Tribunal in session. On to the Luxembourg!"

CHAPTER XVI.

It had been a night of toil, trouble and anxiety to good old Gervase. He had thrice visited the Hotel de Prville, once to secure a portion of the treasure, twice to satiate the cravings of Darnoval and of Citizen Brutus.

He had secured the flight of the brothers and arranged all the preliminaries of that of the count, and when, worn out by his benevolent exertions, he laid his head upon his pillow, he slept the sleep of the just man.

As it was dark even at sunrise in the little chamber where he slept, the street being narrow and the opposite houses very high, the morning was far advanced when he woke and rose, and the first sound that saluted his ear was the voice of a hawk bawling the news of the day:

"The country saved once more by the Revolutionary Tribunal! Full particulars of the very last conspiracy. The Count de Claremont denounced to the Committee of Public Safety. His attempted escape—sentenced to death by the Tribunal. Long live the nation!"

Gervase turned pale.

"The count arrested and I sleeping!" was his exclamation. "Just Heaven! what a blow! Sentenced to death! Is there no means of saving him? Oh, aid me, Providence, to compass his release!"

He dressed himself in haste, and hurried downstairs.

Julie had set the breakfast-table, and it looked cheerful and inviting.

"Come, my friend," said the young girl. "I've been waiting for you—and the coffee is getting cold."

"I want no breakfast," muttered Gervase. "I have no appetite."

"No appetite! Are you unwell? Yes, now I come to look at you, you are deadly pale. You over-exerted yourself yesterday. You forgot that you are not a young man."

"Hand me my hat, Julie, I have no time to waste."

"Why, where are you going?"

"To the Luxembourg."

"Where the poor prisoners are kept, and where the dreadful tribunal is in session? What is the matter?"

"Our friend, the Count de Claremont, is imprisoned there. Oh, Julie, he is sentenced to death!"

"To death!" echoed Julie, turning pale. "For what offence?"

"Do you ask? Offence! Offence enough. He is a good man and a nobleman. Do these tigers want more?"

"But if he is condemned you can do him no good—and it is dangerous to venture among these wolves."

"I can at least hear his last wishes," said Gervase, mournfully. "Oh, Julie, I shall always reproach myself for having left him last night. I should have been on the watch. But I thought all was safe, and mind and body were both utterly prostrated with exertion."

"You did all you could, my brave, kind old friend," said Julie. "Go, then, if you think it a duty, but pray return as soon as possible. A thousand nameless fears beset me when you are away."

"I cannot tell how soon I may be back," said Gervase; "but I shall make no unnecessary delay."

He had been busy while speaking in tying up some of the implements of his trade in a handkerchief, and now, imprinting a paternal kiss on the forehead of his protégée, he hurried away to the Luxembourg.

He found no difficulty in gaining admission, for he knew the head jailer very well, and this worthy functionary made no trouble whatever about allowing him to pass. It is always easy enough to get into a prison—the difficulty lies in getting out of it. This jailer was a bull-headed fellow, who had formerly been a butcher. He was a disappointed man, for he had applied for the office of assistant executioner, and had been presented instead with the keys. Believing his talents unappreciated by an ungrateful country, he was always murmuring. The duties of his office prevented him from witnessing all the executions, though sometimes of a Sunday, as a great treat, he would confide the keys to an under-strapper, and dressed in his best, repair to the Grève and witness the decapitation of a batch of aristocrats, by way of earning an appetite for his dinner.

This benevolent person had dropped his original name, whatever it might have been, and adopted that of Nero, having been smitten with a great admiration for the character of that emperor on hearing an epitome of Roman history read at the club to which he belonged.

"Well, Citizen Nero, and how is business?" asked Gervase, when he had gained admission to the Luxembourg.

"It is pretty brisk, thank you, citizen," replied the jailer. "The Revolutionary Tribunal are good patriots. Another batch goes to Marianne (the guillotine) this morning."

"Any aristocrat of note among them?" asked Gervase, carelessly.

"Yes," answered the jailer. "The ex-count of Claremont. Perhaps you've heard of him?"

"Oh, yes! Is he here?"

"Safe under lock and key."

"I must see him," said Gervase.

"You want to see him?"

"Certainly."

"What for?"

"To shave him."

"No—you don't," said the jailer.

"Yes—I do."

"I know you," said the jailer, with a wink.

"None of that."

"None of what?"

"None of your games."

"I don't understand you."

"Ah, you're a deep one, Citizen Gervase. Have you a case of razors with you?"

"Yes."

"Are they sharp?"

"Of course."

"Then you can't see the prisoner."

"What's that to do with it?"

"I know what you're driving at. You hate these aristocrats—you're worse than Robespierre and Couthon. You want to get at this old fellow under pretence of shaving him, and then you'll cut his throat. No—no—my dear boy—you mustn't cheat the guillotine and the people. Mind, I don't blame you, but I can't allow you to do it."

"You're all wrong," said Gervase. "I don't say that I shouldn't like to execute the vengeance of the law. You would yourself."

"Wouldn't I?" said Citizen Nero, with a ferocious grin. "Of course I would. And yet here I am, out of my line, condemned to the look-up, when I ought to be on the scaffold—that's my place."

"So it is, citizen," said Gervase. "The scaffold is the place for such as you."

"I'm like a cook that prepares the feast and never partakes of it," said the jailer. "Ah, well!" he added, with a sigh. "Republics are ungrateful!"

"So they are," said Gervase. "But really, my good fellow, I must see the ex-count."

"I don't think it is safe to trust you with him."

"Nonsense—I wouldn't harm a hair of his head. I tell you, I want to shave him and dress his hair, so that he can go to the scaffold, like an aristocrat, in his true colours. It's great fun to see these fellows dressed out as grand as if they were going to court, all the while we know they're going to be shortened!"

"Hah! hah!" laughed the jailer. "You're too hard on 'em."

"Not a bit," said Gervase. "And look here, I've brought a present for you in my bundle."

"What's that?"

"A bottle of brandy," answered Gervase.

"Give it to me!" cried the jailer, eagerly. "Do you know that the committee are putting on airs, for all they pretend to be such sticklers for liberty. They don't allow us to get drunk when I like."

"They don't!" said Gervase, giving him a bottle.

"How tyrannical!"

"That's what I say," said the jailer. "It's an infringement on popular rights."

"It must be seen to," said Gervase.

The jailer nodded, and then unlocking the door of one of the rooms that opened on the hall in which they were standing, called out: "Jailor's friend!"

"Hallo! Claremont! here's a friend of yours."

In obedience to this rude summons the Count de Claremont stepped forth.

A benevolent smile passed over his face as he recognized Gervase.

"Oh, there you are!" said Gervase. "It does my heart good to see you here!"

"You!" exclaimed the count.

"Yes!" said Gervase, shaking his fist. "You think I don't know you. You think I don't know you've always hated the nation in your heart. But we've found you out; you've carried your head high enough and long enough—we'll save you the trouble of carrying it any longer."

"Hit him; he's got no friends here!" said the delighted jailer.

"You go and drink your brandy!" said Gervase.

"So I will," said the jailer. "Meanwhile I'll

appoint you my deputy. You take the keys; if the Tribunal send for any prisoners you can deliver them."

"But there's half a hundred keys here," said Gervase, taking the bunch in his hands. "How shall I know which is which?"

"These smaller keys," said the jailer, "open the rooms in which the prisoners are confined. They are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the doors. The largest key opens the great door. The next in size unlocks the back door at the end of this long corridor. I use it when I want to slip out unnoticed. There's a passage-way that leads you to a back street."

"Well—well—I don't care anything about that," said Gervase. "Don't be gone long."

"Oh, we shall have no call for these two hours yet. I'll be back long before the guillotine-cart comes."

With these words the jailer hurried off, tightly grasping the bottle that Gervase had given him.

"Forgive me!" cried Gervase to the count; "forgive me for the cruel words I uttered just now. They were only to blind the wretch who has just left us."

"I was shocked when I heard them," said the count. "But I soon fathomed your drift."

"But how is it I see you here, sir? What wretch denounced you? Let me know his name, that I may for ever execrate it."

"I know not—and I do not care to know," said the count. "It is enough that I am condemned to die in two hours."

"You shall not die," said Gervase. "I will save you. I came hither with that purpose, but scarcely knowing how to accomplish it. The unsuspecting stupidity of your brutal men has placed the means in my hands. Let us fly."

"But if we should be discovered, you too would share my fate."

"No matter—I shall at least die in a good cause."

"But I cannot consent to compromise you."

"Heaven will aid us, sir, and we may both escape. Oh, do not let these scruples hold you back a moment."

"You almost prevail with me," said the count. "Life is dear to all of us."

"Come—come," urged Gervase, "time presses. Yet stay."

He took from his breast a huge tricoloured cockade and affixed it to the count's hat. "That will avert suspicion in the streets," he said. "And now follow me."

Lightly and swiftly they trod along the corridor. Arrived at its farther extremity Gervase noiselessly unlocked a door that opened on a long and narrow passage-way.

At the end of this was another door, which yielded to one of the keys in Gervase's possession. After passing through the second door Gervase turned and locked it, and then threw the keys back through the wicket.

"We shall have no farther use for them," said he, gravely.

"And whither now?" asked the count.

"I know not," replied Gervase; "but let us fly as far as possible from this accursed place."

They were moving on with redoubled speed, when, as they turned the corner of a street, they came full against an individual, armed, and wearing a tricoloured cockade and sash, who cried, in a stern voice: "Halt! in the name of the nation!"

"We are lost!" exclaimed the count.

It appeared as if after having almost miraculously escaped from destruction that the cup of hope was to be again dashed from his lips. The agony of that moment was intense. "Lost! lost!" he repeated.

"CHAPTER XVII.

"No! we are saved!" cried Gervase. "Why, Paul! Paul! Rochefort! don't you know me?"

"Gervase!" replied the other. "And who is this? Ah! is it possible? The Count de Claremont?"

Flying from a prison, the doors of which were opened by this noble friend, said the count.

"This meeting, then, is opportune," said Rochefort. "For I alone, perhaps, can consummate the work that Gervase has commenced, count, and save both you and him. You know I am in the confidence of the revolutionists, though, like Gervase, I labor the excesses of the men of blood who are now tyrannizing over France. Well, I have been appointed by the Convention to visit the army in the south, and take with me such attendants as I choose—my office and my papers procuring a free passage from the city. You two shall accompany me."

"But Julie—my poor Julie," said Gervase; "what is to be done with her?"

"She too must fly with us. At my lodgings, which are hard by, I have the dress of a vivan-

dière, which will suit her. I am amply furnished with disguises from a secret society to which I belong, and which, established to forward the revolution, has since devoted itself to the work of saving its victims."

"Generous man!" said the count. "But I foresee difficulties in the way of our project. My flight will be discovered when the call is made for this day's victims of the guillotine. The guard at the barriers will be doubled, and it will be impossible to pass them undetected."

"Make yourself easy," said Rochefort. "I have a plan for obviating all trouble. You, Gervase, know my number in the Rue St. Antoine?"

"Yes," replied Gervase.

"Well," said Rochefort, "here is the key. Make all possible speed thither with the count. Look yourself into my room there, and admit no one till I join you, which will be as speedily as possible."

"How shall I ever reward you?" exclaimed the count.

"The approval of my conscience is sufficient reward, sir," answered Rochefort, nobly. "Farewell, sir; I shall rejoin you. Yet, stay. I will first send Mlle. de Fontange to you. Courage, and success will crown our efforts."

Taking leave of his friends, Rochefort then went to the rear entrance of the Luxembourg, and knocked long and loud before he secured attention.

At last the door was unlocked, on his making himself known, and he was reluctantly admitted by Citizen Nero.

This worthy had been paying his devotions to Bacchus, and though the absence of Gervase and his finding his keys upon the door had somewhat startled and sobered him, still he could not conceal the evidences of his morning's debauch, which were apparent in his blood-shot eyes, his inflamed countenance, and his rather unsteady poise upon his feet.

"You have been racing, Citizen Nero," said Rochefort, sternly.

"Perhaps I have, citizen," replied the jailer, sullenly.

"I am afraid that I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of reporting you to the convention, citizen," said Rochefort.

"If I do indulge occasionally," growled the jailer, "I never neglect my business."

"In that case," answered Rochefort, "your weakness is excusable. I am sent hither to see how faithful a watch you keep over the prisoners committed to your charge by the nation."

"I am not afraid of the investigation," answered the jailer, boldly. "Call for whom you please, and you shall find him forthcoming."

"Very well—I won't visit all the wards, but select the most important criminal. I desire to see the ex-count of Claremont."

"This way, then," said the jailer, with alacrity. "I'll take you to the room of that notorious aristocrat."

Rochefort followed the somewhat unsteady step of the jailer through the long corridors and passages until he halted before a certain door.

"This is his coop," said the jailer, with a grin.

"Very well," said Rochefort. "Bring him forth."

The jailer entered the room and soon came back again.

"Citizen Rochefort," said he, "the prisoner is asleep, and I thought—poor devil! as it's his last sleep on earth I wouldn't disturb him."

"You have grown very merciful lately," said Rochefort.

"I?" stammered the jailer.

"Yes, you—and you know that humanity is a heinous crime. Take care! Go back and tell the ex-count I must see him."

"I can't do it," stammered the jailer.

"Why not?" exclaimed Rochefort. "Am I a man to be trifled with?"

"Spare me!" said the jailer, falling on his knees. "I have deceived you—and I deserve death. But I am a poor miserable worm—don't crush me."

"Stand up and explain yourself!" said Rochefort, sternly.

"I cannot execute your order," said the jailer, staggering to his feet, "because—because—the ex-count of Claremont is not in his room—he—has escaped!"

"Escaped!" cried Rochefort, seizing the jailer by the throat. "Dog and villain! this shall cost you your life."

"Spare me! spare me!" said the terrified jailer.

"Even if I choose to spare you," said Rochefort, "it would be out of my power. The cart of the guillotine will soon be here, and the driver will call for twenty victims, the count among the number. There will be one wanting—but, by Heaven! you shall make up the tally yourself."

Horror and despair now completely sobered the



[BRIBING A PATRIOT.]

wretched jailor. His knees knocked together, and cold drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"Are you sure that he is gone?" asked Rochefort, after a pause.

"Sure!" replied the jailor. "He is gone—and there lies his uniform, which he had taken out of his portmanteau—a uniform the aristocrat said he had worn in the service of France and meant to die in."

"Harkee!" said Rochefort. "You are aware that your negligence, if it is discovered, will cost you your life."

"I know it," said the jailor.

"But I have a way to save you," said Rochefort.

"Do so," said the trembling jailor, "and I will be your slave for life."

"How many prisoners have you under sentence of death?" asked Rochefort.

"There are forty with the ex-count. Half were to die this morning, and half this afternoon."

"You say that the count's uniform is in his room?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who occupies the next room?"

"An old soldier—Martin Montaine—who used to be in the count's regiment."

"Very well. Unlock the door of that room: I wish to confer with him."

The jailor obeyed.

Rochefort entered the room and found an old man seated on the edge of a truckle bed.

As Rochefort entered the old man glanced at his tricoloured cockade and scarf, and said:

"Is the time come? I am ready. I have faced death too often to be afraid of him."

"Your time is not quite out, old man," said Rochefort, with deep emotion; "but it has nearly expired. The fatal cart will soon be at the door."

"There is something in your tone, sir," said the old soldier, "that leads me to fancy you pity me. If so, your sympathy is wasted. They are calling the muster-roll in Heaven, and I am prepared to answer to my name. I have nothing left on earth to live for—my family—my old comrades are all gone—and to-day my old commander dies."

"Old man," said Rochefort, gently, "I do pity you profoundly. Though I wear their colours I am no friend of these men of blood. Would to Heaven I could save you, but I can only weep for your fate."

"I thank you, sir—but why waste your sympathies on me—when the Count de Claremont, one of the bravest and truest gentlemen that France ever had, is sentenced to an ignominious death?"

"Perhaps not," said Rochefort.

"Perhaps not!" echoed the old soldier. "Why

he told me with his own lips that he was sentenced."

"Hush!" said Rochefort. "He has succeeded in getting out of prison. Whether he succeeds in getting out of Paris depends on you."

"On me!"

"Yes."

"Pray explain yourself, sir."

"I will do so. The count's uniform is in his room. Living retired as he has done, his person is little known. You shall put on his uniform, and go to execution in his place."

"But the jailor will detect the disguise."

"You have nothing to fear from him. He is responsible for the safe keeping of his prisoner, and if his escape is detected his felon life is forfeit. Do you accept my proposition?"

"With all my heart. I shall die happy in the belief that I have contributed to save my brave old commander."

"Would that I could save you too!" said Rochefort, taking his hand, while the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"I do not wish to live," said the old soldier. "I have survived all my friends, I am poor and worn-out, and death comes a welcome messenger to open my prison doors."

"You will not die unmourned," said Rochefort, kindly.

"I thank you for your sympathy," said the soldier. "And sometimes, when all these troubles have passed away, and the count is far beyond the reach of danger, you might tell him how Sergeant Montaine died."

"I will not forget it," replied Rochefort, wringing his hand; "and he will remember you nightly in his prayers till he meets you in a better world."

"Yes, we shall meet again—I believe it," said the old soldier. "We shall meet again in the presence of the Great Commander. I shall not fear to answer to my name, for I have done my duty in this world."

"And now," said Rochefort, gently, "come with me."

He led the old soldier into the room lately occupied by the count, the jailor mounting guard, without to prevent interruption. The prisoner soon changed his dress, and when clad in the count's uniform, wearing his chapeau and military cloak, the disguise was so perfect that Rochefort felt satisfied that it could only be detected on the closest inspection by some one intimate with the original.

"Shall I pass muster?" asked the old soldier.

"Perfectly."

"Then I am satisfied," said Montaine. "And now farewell, sir. The brief space that remains to me must be spent in prayer. I never neglected that in all the confusion and dissipation of camp life."

Rochefort pressed the old man's hand and departed.

"You are safe," said he to the jailor, after describing the stratagem he had adopted.

"What a head you have!" said Citizen Nero.

"And, remember—it is owing to me that you have any head at all," said Rochefort.

"It didn't set very firm on my shoulders just now," replied the jailor. "But what can I do to repay you?"

"This only," answered Rochefort: "Henceforth treat the prisoners under your charge with forbearance and kindness."

The jailor opened his eyes wide.

"I never heard of such a thing," said he.

"Well, you hear it now. Remember that such are my orders. You can show them favours unostentatiously—without exciting the suspicion of your fellow-brutes."

"Brutes! Citizen Rochefort."

"Brutes—Citizen Nero. I don't mince my words with you."

"Well, sir, whatever you wish shall be done. But hark! what noise was that?"

"It was the rumbling of a cart," replied Rochefort, after listening for a moment.

"Yes!" replied the jailor, with savage joy. "And it stops before the prison. It is the cart for the live freight for Mariane. Down with the aristocrats!"

"Yes, down with the aristocrats!" said a ruffianly fellow, entering at the moment. "Now, Nero! here's the list, trot 'em out!"

The jailor opened door after door, and delivered up the victims of the guillotine. Last of all came the pretended Count de Claremont. As the old sergeant walked past, imitating the erect gait and manly step of his commander, Rochefort turned aside to wipe away a tear. The mournful procession filed through the long corridor and descended the staircase leading to the great gate. A moment afterwards Rochefort heard the roar of the rabble as they greeted the victims. The next instant the rumble of the fatal cart was heard as it moved away in the direction of the Grave.

Rochefort sighed deeply, and then, remembering how many duties and cares were pressing on his attention, pulled his hat down over his eyes and left the palace, now the prison, of the Luxembourg with a rapid step but a heavy heart.

(To be continued.)



[THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVE.]

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY CHARLES GARVIE,

AUTHOR OF

"Only Country Love," "The Gipsy Peer," "Fickle Fortune," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Enough that woman's smiles no more
Can win a smile from me,
Enough that on another shore
My heart was won from me.

THE three men, Job, Willie and the captain, traversed the subterranean passage as far as the cave. Here Job paused and said:

"You've seen enough for to-night, captain, and you had better get on to bed. What's your decision?"

"My decision," said the captain, "is already and firmly made. I join you."

"Done!" said Job, holding out his hand. "We're in your power, in a manner of speaking, captain, but you're a gentleman and we aren't afraid. There's only one thing as I've to say afore we parts, and that is, that we don't stand no nonsense, and that if we finds one on us playing false, why, we get's rid of him. That's plain, but I'm a plain-spoken man."

The captain smiled darkly, and the curious expression once again crossed his face.

"As you say," he said, "you can easily get rid of a man; but I do not need to be reminded of the penalty that would follow treachery. I shall keep faith."

"Good," said Job. "Well, then, I'll let you into another secret. From here there is another outlet, and a more comfortable one. We can't use it, not we rough men, because it's too near the house; but you can, because if you're found near the entrance, why, there'll be no questions asked."

"I see," said the captain. "I can say that I am taking a midnight stroll and a cigar."

"Will you have one?" asked Job, taking a bundle of cigars from a hole in the cave. "They're choice, they are; you can't buy 'em under five pounds a pound," and he paused.

"My share of the booty at present," said the captain. "I will light it when we get outside."

Job went to a corner and scraped some chalk from a small hole. He then inserted his hand in the hole and pulled out an iron rod like a bell-pull.

This opened a small door a few feet farther along the chalk road, and Job nodded to it.

"Here you are, captain. It's a better road than

the other; not so back-breaking. You'll want a light," and he held out the lantern.

"Thanks," said the captain, glancing at the dark passage with anything but delight. "There's plenty of air, I suppose?"

"Plenty," said Willie, "if so be you ain't over particular. The road turns and turns a bit, so mind you don't drop the lantern or you'll knock your head."

The captain smiled, but he could not suppress a shudder as he pictured himself shut up in that noisome passage without a light or guide.

But there was nothing for it but to obey the will of his mentors, and so, with an assumption of cheerful alacrity, he took the lantern, trimmed it, and passed into the passage.

"Good night," he said; "you may shut the door."

The door slammed to swiftly, cutting off the sound of the men's voices, and the captain proceeded on his weird and ghostly way.

As Job had said, the passage was wider and higher, and the road not so painfully uncomfortable as that by which they had reached the cliffs, so that it was with a feeling of relief that the captain found himself alone to think and to plan.

He felt as if he were in a dream, and fully expected to wake and find himself lying in bed, but a glance at the damp-stained walls of the rudely cut passage impressed the reality of the scene upon him, and it was with a smile of morbid amusement that he reflected he had in one and the same night solved the mystery of the White Nun and become a smuggler.

As the lantern was burning rather dimly, and he had a great dread of being in the dark in such a place, he hurried on, and found himself more quickly than he had expected at the end of the long passage, which was terminated by a small door.

A bar of iron extending crossways protected it outside, and the long pin projecting inside fastened it. The captain thrust the pin through and the door opened.

To his surprise a gush of warm but pure air greeted him, and with a feeling of extreme satisfaction he knew that he was once more above ground.

"Now where am I?" he thought.

A glance showed him.

Before the door was a large round bush, which effectually concealed it from observation.

Pushing the bush aside with some difficulty the captain looked out and saw that he was in a portion of the disused garden nearest the house.

With a thrill of delight he extinguished the

lickering flame in the lantern and pushed his way through the bush, taking care to replace the disturbed branches.

Then he lit his cigar and, with his hands in his pockets, sauntered towards the house.

He had no fear of meeting any one, and his mind was so confused by the events of the night and the possibilities that they had opened up to him that he determined to think them out in the open air while before climbing to his chamber.

So he sauntered on, preoccupied, and was somewhat startled by a footstep and a sudden sensation of some one's hands at his throat.

Before he could realize the situation he was on his back.

With an exclamation deep and low, he threw up his arms and struggled with his assailant.

In a moment he had regained his feet and there the advantage was lost again, for the assailant pinned him to the wall of the house, and, in a stern voice, inquired:

"Who are you, fellow?"

"What!" exclaimed the captain, as the familiar tones smote his ear, "what! Leicester Dodson!"

"Captain Howard Murpoint!" exclaimed Leicester, for it was he, dropping his grasp from the captain's arm and staring in the dim light.

The captain shook himself and glared with an evil hatred at the stalwart figure.

"You are late, Mr. Dodson, and pugilistic."

"You are late," said Leicester, utterly ignoring the latter part of the speech, and speaking in a stern and suspicious tone. "You are out late, and, if there is any excuse for my attack, that and the fact of a man's figure prowling round the house at such an unwonted hour must supply it."

"Prowling!" said the captain. "Prowling is a strong term to apply to the stroll a gentleman may take at any hour in the grounds of the house at which he is a guest. It is not so strange or unwarrantable a term to apply to the unwelcome and unwelcome presence of a comparative stranger."

There was reason in the retort, but Leicester disregarded it or willfully misunderstood it.

"I saw you come from behind that bush," he said, pointing to the bush which concealed the door and in vain striving to get a clear idea of the expression on the captain's face.

"Not that, but another," said the captain, readily.

"I had been to light a cigar, the wind preventing it here in the open. I cannot recognize your right to put these questions, and I cannot understand your ground for doing so. May I ask, and I ask as the friend of Mrs. Mildmay, and as John Mildmay's

friend, what business brought you here so late; here in the private grounds of the Park, and so close to the house?"

Leicester remained silent for a moment.

Should he avow his suspicions of the captain, and demand an explanation, or should he temporize awhile and trust to chance to confirm or dispel these suspicions?

"It is a fair question," he said, at last, having decided to take the middle course, and to convict the captain of some underhand work, if it were possible, out of his own mouth. "It is a fair question, and I will answer it. You cannot be ignorant that an interest attaches to these premises," and he glanced at the ruins. "There is something there to excite the curious. I may have come to see the ghost."

The captain smiled grimly.

"Have you seen it?" he asked.

"I have," said Leicester.

The captain was almost guilty of a start.

"You are more fortunate than I," he said. "I have not seen it. It is true that I have been walking on the wrong side of the house. I am particularly the unfortunate party, for if I am not mistaken your fingers have left their marks on my arms and chest, Mr. Leicester."

He spoke with an assumption of pleasant coyness, but he lunged to dash at the young man's throat and pay back score for score.

"I am very sorry," said Leicester. "I beg you will impute all you have suffered to my excess of zeal for the protection of Mrs. Midway's property. To be candid, I took you for a burglar."

"Burglars do not go about their work with a cigar," said the captain, quietly.

"Or worse," said Leicester. "Either a burglar or one of the villains who for some purpose of their own are playing the ghost trick."

The captain smiled and eyed Leicester keenly.

"You think then," he said, "that the ghost is a trick of some of the village boys?"

"Or villains," said Leicester, who knew that he could not get anything from the captain, and determined to cut the conversation short and get home.

He had one thrust more, and he had reserved it for the parting.

"Or villains. I am sure there is some trickery at the bottom of it, and I cannot conceive a man playing it for so long without an end in view. However, this is not the time for a ventilation of the subject. I am sorry I made the mistake, and I apologize."

The captain bowed.

"I am not very much hurt," he said. "Another time, perhaps, when you take your stroll of investigation round the Park you will please to give me warning and I will keep to my room."

Leicester bowed as if the words were meant seriously and had no covert sneer.

"By the way," he said, "are you aware that your window is wide open, and that there is a light burning in the room?"

"Perfectly," said the captain, who had quite forgotten the fact, "perfectly. I set it open to air the room, and the light was left to frighten the ghost."

"I will find some more effectual way of doing that," said Leicester, decisively. "Good night."

"Good night," said the captain, and Leicester, no nearer the truth as regarded the true character of the man he suspected, strode away.

The captain waited until his firm footstep had died out on the hard road, then went softly to the back of the house.

With great care and circumspection, he drew his rope from the ivy and climbed to his room.

Then he shut down the window and sank into a chair lost in thought.

The sun was creeping up above the sea before he had dropped to sleep, and when he did these words haunted him:

"We could get a man put out of the way and none be the wiser!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Oh, that the gods would give the sudden sense,
Or power miraculous, to see my heart
Faithful and bleeding.

LEICESTER had spoken the truth when he had said, in answer to the captain's inquiry, that he had been out to see the ghost.

But he had another object.

Since the morning when he had come upon the captain seated in the ruined chapel he could not rid himself of the suspicion that the captain was implicated in the eavesdropping of his servant, Jem, and that the astute and plausible master was the prime mover and director of some plot, while Jem was only the machine or tool.

Therefore, being not able to sleep, partly from his unhappiness concerning Violet, and his dis-

quietude born of his suspicion, he had sauntered out and made his way to the Park.

While there he had caught a glimpse of the ghost flitting past the ruins.

He was about to pursue it when he saw the captain emerging from behind the bush.

Instantly suspecting that it was one of the gang, he bore down upon him as we have seen.

And now he told himself he was as far from the truth as ever.

Like the captain, he sank into a chair and gave himself up to thought, with this result:

"Why should I waste time and energy on a futile object? It is like a horse turning a mill to grind wind! Violet Midway will marry Lord Fitz, the intellectual and the talented! She has made up her mind to marry a coronet," he murmured, bitterly, "and she would not marry Leicester Dodson, the tallow-monger's son, if he remained hanging at her apron-strings till doomsday. As for Captain Howard Murpoint, he may be an honest man and he may not. I was not born to solve the problem or to bring him to justice. Let the world wag on its way; as for me I will arise, shake off this infatuation, for it is nothing better, and seek fresh fields and pastures new. I shall have something to do in Africa, and I shall forget her."

He rose, but the last words echoed in his heart.

"Forget her," he murmured, as he dragged a portmanteau out into the middle of the room. "Forget her! Shall I forget her," he thought, calling up the vision of Violet's sweet face, as he remembered it during those few blissful days before Lord Fitz had arrived. "Well," he added audaciously and heartily, "I will try, and no man can do more."

Then he took from the drawers a quantity of necessary articles of clothing and packed them in the portmanteau. When it was filled he looked it and attached a label addressed, "To be taken in the yacht to the Isle of Man, where the skipper will put it until I come."

"I'll go overland," he muttered, "to cut the journey short, and they shall pick me up there."

Then he carried the portmanteau into his dressing-room, and placed it where his valet could see it.

The man was used to acting on such curt and sudden instructions, and would convey the portmanteau, with its terse command to the skipper of the yacht the first thing in the morning.

Having made his arrangements so far, Leicester slowly undressed and got to bed.

"I must wake early," he thought. "Bertie is going to-morrow, and must know of my intended flight or he will feel hurt."

But the morning came and he was sound asleep, when Bertie knocked at the door.

"I'm going, old fellow," he called through the keyhole. "Don't get out of bed. Good-bye; I shall be back in a couple of days."

"Good-bye," said Leicester, drowsily, half-asleep, and half-awake, and Bertie was gone.

Could either have foreseen even for twenty hours how different would have been the parting of the friends!

When he came into the breakfast-room he found his mother, fond and thoughtful ever, waiting at the table to see that he had his breakfast comfortably.

He went in and kissed her with a marked affection.

"My dear boy, how late you are," she said, looking up at him with loving pride. "And how bad you look! Come, sit down and have a comfortable breakfast."

Leicester glanced at the clock.

"Has Bert gone?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dodson, with a little laugh. "He and your father went off together, and I was almost glad to get rid of them, for Mr. Fairfax fidgeted dreadfully. He thought of waiting till a later train to see you."

"To see me!" said Leicester. "Why?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Dodson, "and I don't think he knew, for I asked him if I should give you any message, and he said no."

"Why did he not come up to my room?" said Leicester.

"He did, Leicester, and bade you good-bye," said Mrs. Dodson, "and you wished him good-bye, he said."

"Did I?" said Leicester. "I don't remember it. The fact is I was late up last night, and I slept very soundly this morning."

"Ah," said Mrs. Dodson, shaking her head, "you get dreadful habits in London, Leicester; but I wish you would go to bed earlier when you are at Penriddle, you will make yourself ill."

"I will be a better boy when I come down next month," he said, gently, and as Mrs. Dodson smiled at him with a mother's love beaming from her eyes, he determined to spare her the pain of a leave-taking.

"I must go away soon," he said, rather

hurriedly. "I may be away any moment. But I shall come back soon, and be the best boy in the world. Another cup of tea."

Mrs. Dodson did not ask any questions. She knew that she only annoyed and hardened him, and that Leicester had always from his spoiled boyhood had an insuperable objection to being questioned, and the rest of the breakfast-time was spent in pleasant chat.

Then Leicester, who felt anything but cheerful and high-spirited, strolled out to the cliff.

He looked down at the sea and missed the yacht from the harbour directly.

"Sailed," he thought. "All the better, I will wait until Bert comes back, and then hurrah for Africa's golden sands."

He might say "hurrah!" but he did not feel very jubilant.

With a not altogether uncomfortable heaviness he sauntered down to the village.

All was going on as usual, and as he passed the "Blue Lion" he saw the usual little knot of idlers collected at the bar.

Amongst the voices he could distinguish that of Jem Starling's raised in turbulent tones.

Then he passed down the street to the beach.

The fishermen were busy with their nets, and old Job, the carrier, stood, with pipe in mouth, looking on.

The men touched their caps, and Job gave him a rough, kindly good day.

"Good day," said Leicester. "A good take last night?"

"Pretty fair, Master Leicester," replied Job, gravely, and Leicester passed on.

Ten minutes afterwards, and before he was scarcely out of sight, Captain Murpoint came down the path, sauntering very much after Leicester's fashion, with a Bengal choroo in his mouth.

With his placid smile upon his face he sauntered down the beach.

"Well, my men," he said, "good night's fishing? Beautiful morning," and then passed on.

But as he passed Job he whispered in his ear:

"Meet me at sunset behind the chapel. There is danger."

Job, by a motion with his pipe, intimated that he heard and would comply, and the captain, in his turn, passed on.

He, too, as he had gone by the "Blue Lion" had heard the strident tones of Jem's harsh voice and had felt rather disgusted.

As he returned he looked in and saw Jem leaning against the bar in a state bordering upon intoxication.

Jem saw him, but instead of welcoming him with a respectful salute scowled fiercely and sullenly.

The captain thought that it was feigned, and with a cool "Good morning, my man. So you've not left the village yet," was about to stroll on, but Jem, upon whom a great change had fallen, rendering him suspicious of every one, even of his lord and master, snatched at the opportunity.

"What d'ye mean?" he hiccupped. "Didn't yer tell me to stop here? Why don't yer say what yer mean? What's a man to do to please yer?"

The captain, with an alarmed and passionate frown on his face, turned upon him, and after glancing round to see if any one was near, said, savagely:

"Silence, you idiot! Go home, and come to me to-night in the chapel."

"No, I don't," returned Jem, with a half-drunken shake of the head. "I don't go near no chapel! I've had enough of them!"

"The cliff, then," said the captain, sternly, by passion and the fear that some one would overhear them. "The cliff, your miserable bounch! Come sober, for there's work to do. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Jem, sullenly. "I'm sensible enough, ain't I?"

The captain's reply was a look so full of ominous evil that if a look could kill Jem's days would have been ended there and then.

There was no time to say more, for footsteps were approaching.

The captain hurried on, bursting with rage and apprehension.

Jem drank and garrulous. What might he not let slip when in his cups? What had he said already?

The schemer wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and glanced back at the hulking figure as it staggered into the public-house, and trembled.

"I was wrong, wrong, radically wrong to trust him!" he muttered. "But it is done, and now the question is, how can I stop his mouth, how render him harmless?"

It was a difficult problem, and no solution had presented itself when the captain reached the park, and entered the drawing-room placid and smiling as usual.

Lord Fitz rose to meet him. On his boyish face there was an anxious, nervous look, which would at any other time have greatly amused the captain.

"How do you do, captain?" he said, shaking hands twice in an absent, flustered manner. "I—I came over to see Mrs. Midmay—I mean Miss Midmay, but she can't be found. Mrs. Midmay's gone to look for her. You haven't seen her, I suppose?"

"No," said the captain, smiling. "She won't be found far off, I expect. I know some of her favourite seats. Why don't you go and help to search?"

"Oh, I don't know whether she'd like it, you know," said his lordship, with a wise shake of the head.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," said the captain, significantly.

Lord Fitz flushed and looked at him eagerly.

"What do you mean?" he stammered. "Do you know what I've come about, eh? You don't mean to say—"

Then it flashed upon the captain that Lord Fitz had come to propose for Violet's hand.

Here was another tangle!

With a readiness not to be too much commended, the captain pretended to misunderstand him.

"Ah, hah! some silly plan for an outing, or a picnic, eh? Well, well, we must find her. Ah, here is Mrs. Midmay," he said, quickly, as Mrs. Midmay entered the room.

"I am so sorry, Lord Boisdale," she said, "but Violet is in her room with a bad headache, and sent me to ask you to excuse her."

"Excuse her," said Lord Fitz, half relieved and half disappointed. "I—I think I'll go now. I'm sorry Violet—I mean Miss Midmay—has a headache. Can I call at the doctor's as I go back—I mean can I do anything?"

"Oh, no, thank you," said Mrs. Midmay. "It is the heat gives them to her. She will be well in the morning. I think she wants a change, Lord Boisdale. Do you recommend London?"

"Eh? yes, oh, yes," said Fitz. "My people are going up, and Lennox will this morning. I think Leicester Dodson's going too."

"He goes farther than London," said the captain, significantly.

Mrs. Midmay, who had seen nothing of the comedy which had been played before her eyes for weeks past, looked inquiringly, and the captain smiled, as much as to say, "Oh, there is more than meets the eye, my dear madam."

So Lord Fitz took up his hat, and nervously said good-bye.

Violet from the window of the room saw him go. It was no mere excuse that she had given.

Her head did ache, and her heart too.

When a woman loves she very often deceives herself, persuades herself that she does not love and that she is in no danger of falling in love.

But that kind of self-deception is scattered to the winds very often by a word.

Violet's self-deception was so scattered, and the word was—Africa.

If Leicester, grave, handsome, stern-willed Leicester, were going to Africa, of what use were life to her in England?

That was the question which her heart was constantly propounding to her, and the answer was invariably—None.

That morning, which had broken upon a sleepless night, she had determined to conquer her weakness as she called it—to forget Leicester Dodson, but the struggle was great, and in the midst of it, while her head was aching and her heart irritated, she could not and she would not see Lord Fitz.

When her aunt came up to tell her that he was waiting to see her she flatly refused to come down.

"I can't come, aunt, and I won't," she said, with a touch of her old wilfulness. "What does he want? To ask me if I think it is hot, or the sea is pretty this morning, or what I think of the new colour? You can tell him all that. Give him the cat to play with, or let him wind some wool for you; I am not in the cue for my lord this morning."

"My dear Violet," she exclaimed, half-amused by Violet's sarcasm, and half-shocked by its bitterness, "I am sure Lord Boisdale is a very intelligent young man, but you shan't see him, dear, if your head aches."

"It does ache, aunt," said Violet, "and I am sure if you tell him so he will be good-natured enough to excuse me."

So Mrs. Midmay went with the excuse, and Violet was left to her headache and her struggle with her weakness.

"I will forget him!" she resolved.

But Leicester was not to be so easily expunged from her memory.

The mid-day post brought a letter from Mr. Thurston.

He would have the honour of waiting upon Miss Midmay on the morrow.

The letter broke the dreary monotony of the day, for Violet had kept to her rooms and put in no appearance at dinner.

The evening was setting in, cool and pleasant, the air seemed to woo her from her retreat.

She caught up her sun-hat, and with an attempt at gaiety ran downstairs into the lawn.

Mrs. Midmay was in the drawing-room, the captain was nowhere to be seen.

Would a slight change of scene help to dispel her melancholy? she asked herself.

She determined to try it and opening a side-gate stepped into the lane.

Still keeping up the effort to appear gay, if she really was not, she tripped along, singing, in a low, sweet voice, a merry refrain, the very refrain which she had sung with Lord Fitz.

The lane was a pretty one, little used, the grass in its centre being scarcely trodden, and Violet, in her light muslin, looked like some Pagan pastoral divinity dropped from Paradise to cull earth's flowers.

Very beautiful in any one's eyes, how much more beautiful in the eyes of the man who loved every inch of the graceful form, every fleeting expression of the sweet face? Beautiful, indeed, she looked to Leicester Dodson as, coming round the green, flower-grown corner, he came suddenly upon her.

For the moment, as she was stooping to gather a flower, she did not see him.

Then she looked up; the light refrain died from her lips and her face paled.

He raised his hat and held out his hand with a smile and a blush. He had recognised the air as one of Lord Fitz's.

"What a beautiful evening!" she said, scarcely knowing what she said. "I have been gathering some wild flowers."

"So I see," he said, curiously, looking down at them. "It is almost a needless sacrifice, considering the hectacombs of cholor ones offered daily: you have flowers in abundance on your lawns. But it is a woman's way to spoil and spare not."

Violet looked up, thinking for the moment that he had taken leave of his senses, or that he was indulging in playful badinage; but there was a bitter, restless light on his face, and she saw that he was in earnest.

Alas! how could either of them know that each was misunderstanding the other?

He thought only of his wasted love, of his exiled future; and his very passion for her made him hard with her.

"If she had not led me on, merely to throw me away as she throws those flowers, I should have been contented still," he said to himself.

"That is unjust," she said; "there are beauty and perfume in a wild flower that a rose might sigh for in vain."

"Do you pluck them for their worth, or but to gratify the whim of the moment? It does not matter, Miss Midmay, flowers are but flowers and of little consequence. But there are other things higher in the scale which a woman gathers with reckless mood, to fling aside with wanton scorn. You ask me what they are?" he continued, standing stern and passionate before her. "I answer—hearts. Hearts are only hearts, you may reply, but I tell you, Miss Midmay, as one who speaks from sad experience, that a man's heart counts for something in the universe, and that a man's life is too high a thing to be wasted for a woman's toy."

He paused a moment.

Violet, who had stood silent and motionless, was silent still, but a burning flush of indignation flushed to her face.

He mistook it for conscious guilt and shame, and it saddened him.

"I speak harshly," he said. "But I pray you pardon me if for to-night, the last night I shall have the happiness of seeing you, I cast off the falsities of conventionality and speak as a man wronged and injured to the woman who has wronged and injured him. That I cannot heal the wound you have inflicted on me I am assured; but I may prevent your wounding others. You are young, Miss Midmay, and there is a life before you in which you will have it in your power to save hearts or break them. I ask you to-night, here and now, to decide. I implore you to cast off the coquette and to be, what you are at heart, a woman true and noble! Be contented with the harm you have done, and lay aside the power of which my wasted life is the dire evidence."

He paused, more for lack of breath than words and passion to speak them, and then Violet found her tongue.

"Sir!" she said, in that suppressed voice which tells of the heart's conflict. "Are you mad?"

"No!" he said, hoarsely, "but I have been. I am sane now, Miss Midmay, sane and sorrowful. The glamour which you had cast over me I have driven off. I see you in your true light, and I rise from the trance which your beauty wooed me to. Violet—for I will call you by that name once and for the last time—you taught me to love you but to scorn the slave who knelt at your feet. You made me a toy to be cast aside when the new one should come. It came, and your slave, your toy, was forgotten, or remembered only in your contempt. You had won in the game which was played for a man and a woman's hearts; you had won, and I had lost that without which a man's life is waste and useless—the trust in woman's honour. You have won my heart, and I leave it with you; judge whether the prize was worth the ignoble game!"

"Stay!" said Violet, silencing the torrent of passionate accusation by a word proud and indignant. "Do you permit the accused a word in self-defence?"

Leicester averted his head.

"What can you say save what has been already said? Look back and let the past be an accuser, if you need another. Look back so short a time as to the days when you found me smile too kind or words too sweet. Look back and tell me—the man whose heart you have won and thrown aside—if there be aught that can plead for you."

"Do you look back?" said Violet, haughtily, "and find you no accuser in the past? You call me a coquette, can your own conscience find no ignoble name for you? If I be a coquette, which I deny—"

Leicester turned, with a hard, cold smile.

"I should have known that an appeal would be useless. Your class have one stereotyped reply, Miss Midmay. When we come, as I, fool like, have come, to show you our minds, you tell us that, like moths, we wooed our own destruction. You would have us remember that if we must hope upon your smiles and soft speeches that we have only our own presumption to blame; and you hint that the beauty which snared us was free to all, and that if we found danger in it we should have avoided it. Oh, spare me and yourself the vain retort! Enough that, to feed a base vanity, you played to win my love and have now cast it aside for a better man's. In that short sentence all is said. You are fair, and I—well, being a man with a heart, I was foolish. But, oh, shame that one so fair should be so false!"

"False!" breathed Violet, her eyes flashing, her lips trembling with indignation and passionate agony.

"Ay, false!" he retorted, sternly. "False to the pure promptings of your own nature, false to your own heart, and false to mine. Enough; forgive me if you can, I do not doubt you will forget me; but forgive me if you can for speaking as I have done. Do not dread another reproach or accusation. You will never again hear either from these lips. They should have uttered some now, but the heart will assert itself sometimes, do what we will to keep it silent. Mine has spoken for the last time."

He stopped and waited motionless and stern as a statue, or some pagan at the altar on which his dearest lay sacrificed.

Violet would have spoken, but she had no words. His words weighed all hers back—choke them on her lips.

He had called her false, coquette, base. Ah, what that was not bitter and cruel had he not called her?

Her agony was too great for words, even for tears.

He waited for the reply; none came. He took her silence as a confession of guilt.

So he turned, and, with a drooped head, left her, mistaken and blind to the last.

(To be continued.)

A STRIKE OF DOCTORS.—The House of Commons should take warning from what is taking place in the canton of Glarus as to what may happen in England if it much longer defers the passing of a Medical Act Amendment Bill, redressing the various grievances of the hard-worked and heavily taxed members of the medical profession. In this canton, out of 23 licensed medical practitioners, 21 declare that they will no longer perform any official duties until the medical examinations be once more entrusted to a committee of competent men, and the regulations be so modified as to allow of the use of an effective sanitary police. This last point shows how largely considerations of public advantage enter into the feelings of medical men. We are not admirers of strikes, least of all in that profession, but there is a limit to the patience even of medical men. They are obliged to pass through expensive ordeals of education and diaphoretic ordeals of examination.

only to find quacks of all kinds publicly competing with them, using titles which cannot be distinguished from real ones, and even signing certificates of death to be accepted by registrars. Not only so; the public has an idea that a doctor is a sort of public hack, to be summoned at any time, night or day, and who is obliged to obey without any regard to the prospect of remuneration.

AN OLD OFFENDER.

JUST for a second, as Laura Chenstone stood within the porch, she hesitated whether she should go or stay. She had not foreseen or intended that matters should ever reach this issue: an alternative between Luke and disobedience. But they had. On the one hand her father's dictum: "As you value my confidence, Laura, do not see Luke during my absence." On the other hand the smuggled note:

"I have not left the neighbourhood, Laura, and I shall expect to see you for a moment at the lane gate early this evening. If you do not come, I shall understand that I am thrown over for ever."

"Your wretched Luke!" The combination was too much for Laura's strength. She loved her father; but, ah, me! she lived for her lover.

There was a collation party in the parlour, in honour of their last night at the Briars. Ada Ascot was playing the Lancers; Joey Gregg was bowing, absent-mindedly, to Miss Manvers.

The streaming light through the open door crept to the hem of Laura Chenstone's white dress as she paused in the doorway, and left the rest of her swathed in darkness.

She shaded her eyes with her hand to accustom herself to the starlight. There was something lonesome and weird in the dusky outdoors of the September evening. The mountains seemed oppressively near. The air had a frosty tingle.

The girl turned back, as if involuntarily, toward the music and light.

She was a white, plump, little woman, with loving, pathetic brown eyes and a coaxing mouth and soft hair. There was nothing of the resolute or heroic in her build, but she had that species of tenacity, of sweet, docile persistence, which stands well in stead.

She was not going back to the dancing and fun in the parlour. She gathered her fleecy lilac shawl close about her shoulders, and lifted her white skirts, and, without any more turning or hesitating, slipped out of the porch, and ran along the grassy path to the lane gate.

Luke was there, waiting. Laura had not been wholly sure of him, despite his note; she never was quite sure of him, for that matter, and she felt a little glad and grateful and sorry, all in one, as she approached. But, as usual, there was something to mar her pleasure, such as it was.

"Oh, Luke," she cried, when she was near enough, "throw away your cigar. How could you be so careless? Why, they can see the light from the house!"

"Indeed! I supposed the poor consolation of a cigar remained even to me," was his rejoinder; and, nettled by his lady-love's rebuke, the young man offered no greeting.

"Of course there is no objection to your enjoying it—alone," Laura replied, sorrowfully.

And she stood still, as if she might mean to go back as she had come. Not that she did mean to, nor that Luke Vantoon suppose she did.

He and Laura had been through this same sort of fencing before; this same species of contest between a loving, confiding, sanguine nature, and a selfish, irritable, imperious one.

"Alone? Not just yet, Laura." He opened the gate between them, and came through to her side. "Suppose we are seen from the house"—taking her soft, cold little hand, and looking down with his thrilling eyes into the girl's troubled ones—"what then? Is there anything so reprehensible in your talking with me here for half an hour? Am I so dishonourable or depraved that I shall contaminate you or disgrace you?"

His voice grew hard, and he dropped her hand. "It is very certain, Luke," she answered, gravely, "that I ought not to be here. You know my promise to father."

"The question now is whether you had rather be loved as I love you; loved as Daniel and Helen and Juliet were; whether you had rather be the very pulse of my life, the lodestone that leads me to good; or whether you had rather marry Joey Gregg. That is the question. And it seems to me time you answered it definitely. We have shilly-shallied long enough."

"The question is answered, Luke," she replied, quietly. "It has been answered a hundred times,

or as many times at least as I have told you that I loved you beyond every earthly object, and that, until you forced me to it, I should never give you up."

"So you say. But you will give me up in the end. I feel it, and the conviction maddens me. If I could feel sure of you it would settle and content me. Your father says, 'Prove by two years of steady industry and economy that you are able to take care of my daughter, and I will give her to you.' But he might as well tell me to drain the sea dry. If you were mine, Laura, securely mine, I should surpass myself and surprise you. But to plod on apart from you, with no inspiration from you; to feel every hour that perhaps I am no longer first in your thoughts and affections—I am not equal to it."

Poor Laura was crying silently, as, with her arm within her lover's, she walked slowly by his side along the narrow path. "It seems to me I could do it for you, Luke," she said, reproachfully, between her sobs.

"I daresay," he retorted, bitterly. "I daresay it seems as though I might turn into Joey Gregg. Now doesn't it, Laura?"

"I think you are unfair to keep talking of Joey Gregg. He is nothing to me."

"Oh, yes, he is. He is your suitor."

"Anyhow, he understands that I shall never marry him."

"I would not. I would keep him to flirt with. It must be convenient, not to say agreeable."

"You are very unkind, Luke."

"I have no doubt of it. That is the point we have just been discussing."

A silence ensued. They heard the drip of the dew, and the shrilling of the gnat, and a distant burst of dance-music from the house.

"I don't see what we are to do," said Laura, at last.

"There is but one thing to do. Marry me; belong to me. Trust me that far, and all will be well. What are you so afraid of, Laura? Am I any way bad or vile? I am not. Fickle, your father says, unsteady, impractical. Well, every man wasn't born for a banker. And I have been so hectored and tormented about my literary and artistic tastes—my Bohemianism, as it is called—that I feel like a sort of martyr, and stick to it all the closer."

"Father wouldn't mind you writing and modelling, and all that, Luke, if you would only do something beside for a living."

Luke made a wry face. He did not particularly appreciate the necessity of Laura Chenstone's husband having to earn her living. Hadn't she her mother's money in her own right, and her father's in prospective?

"Well, I would—I will, Laura, if—"

"Oh, Luke, you would not ask me to run away with you?"

"I would, indeed, if I thought there was any chance of your consenting. Oh, Laura now—to think of belonging to another now, while we love so ardently, while we are young. What will it be by-and-by, when we are cold and calculating and growing old?"

"We shall not be very aged in two years."

"And you dream that we can go on this way for two years? It is impossible. Can I consent to steal a sight of you once a month. We love and trust each other. Who on earth has the right to separate us? Laura, dear Laura, I am beside myself with love and jealousy. Try me, prove me at once. I will stand at nothing to satisfy my wife."

He pleaded hotly. They had stopped under a great tree, and he held the girl in his arms, stroking her pretty hair and fair, soft cheek, and he gently forced her head against his breast.

"But you know, Luke," she faltered, "that we have no money—nothing to live upon. My father has entire control of what I have. And then to deceive him—oh, how could I—his only child?"

"I have no doubt he is more to you than I am. Sacrifice me to his scruples, and let me go. Your fears of poverty are a mere subterfuge. I am not penniless, and no doubt my uncle would help me if we were once married."

"I do not believe he would. He, with every one else, would say our imprudence should be punished."

"Imprudence! You at least are prudent enough. I hope you may be rewarded as you deserve. I wonder your prudence did not prevent your coming out here to-night to meet me."

"I almost wonder, too," she replied, sadly. "Certainly it gives me very little satisfaction to have come."

"A pity you did not stay away," he answered, fiercely.

"It would have been better for me to have done so."

"Very well. Good-bye, Miss Chenstone. It might as well come to that first as last."

"Perhaps it had. Good-bye, Luke."

He was striding away. He did not stop to consider—consideration was not in Luke's way—that they walked until they were out of sight of the house.

Laura stood for a moment, her eyes blinded by tears, watching him, hardly able to understand that he was leaving her there alone. She was not afraid, only pained and bewildered. When she found that he was really gone, it occurred to her that it would be nearer for her to return home through the orchard; besides, that way would bring her out in front of the house, a less suspicious mode of approach, should she chance to be observed.

She was close beside the stone wall, over which hung the heavy branches of rose and golden fruit. She stole along rather cautiously, looking for a low place to cross. Finally she climbed the parapet of loose stone, and, gathering her skirts, gave a quick spring over the wall.

As she landed, without the slightest warning, she felt two heavy paws descend upon her shoulders, fastening her firmly against the wall. And for the first she remembered the ferocious watch-dog who guarded the laden trees.

She uttered one shriek; made one convulsive effort to free herself from the brute. His low, ominous growl, the increased pressure of his paws upon her shoulders, brought her to her senses. Nothing remained for her but absolute non-resistance.

Laura was a brave girl, physically and morally, but her blood seemed turning to ice. She knew that the dog was only chained by his master just previous to his retiring. There was no hope, therefore, of his being round to release her. What was she to do? She would be missed. How could she account for her absence? Indeed, could she endure to stand there all night?

Her position seemed so humiliating—that was worse than its fright. She tried to call the dog by name, but a dizzy sickness crept over her; she felt herself slipping to the ground. The dog again uttered a low growl. But Laura was unconscious, as she sank to the ground.

It was Joey Gregg who always chanced to Laura's rescue or relief as unerringly as if they had lived in the days of chivalry, she a lady and he a knight, instead of in this prosaic century, she the fair little daughter of a rich and reputable merchant, and he with his sandy whiskers and somewhat superfluous length of limb, his self-earned education, and the plate which proclaimed him attorney-at-law.

So it was inevitable Joey who heard—or felt—Laura's scream at the attack of the dog, and who set off to deliver her from her peril. Joey would have pooh-poohed doubtless at any fascination that he was possessed of psychometric faculties, but it is difficult to explain otherwise how he arrived at the precise angle of the orchard wall where Laura lay limp and lifeless, while Bull, somewhat astonished by the results of his vigilance, kept guard at a respectful distance over her prostrate form.

It was necessary, as Mr. Gregg at once perceived, to bring the owner of the dog to the rescue, and his wits travelled as rapidly as his legs as he made off on this errand. Rudely interrupting the good farmer's early snores, and scarcely allowing him time to dress himself, he dragged him breathless to the spot, explaining with much circumstantial acumen how Miss Chenstone had missed a bracelet, which she supposed herself to have dropped in the orchard grass, and how in searching for it she had been attacked by the dog.

"Oh, Joey, where am I? What has happened? You won't tell father—nor any of them? Oh, for my sake, Joey! He would never trust me again."

"Did your father forbid you the orchard, Laura?"

"You know what I mean. I went to meet Luke. Oh, dear Joey, you won't tell?"

He sighed as he quietly released her from the support of his arm.

"Strange that the wisest of little women can be so foolish, and the strongest of little women so weak," he said.

"You don't know anything about it," she sighed. "And, anyway, it is all over. I have driven Luke away for ever."

"Praise Heaven!" said Joey, softly.

"You are cruel to say so," and Miss Chenstone began to cry.

"He will not stay driven. Never fear," said her preserver, moodily.

"I was very harsh and cruel, Joey. I should never forgive myself if anything should happen to Luke now."

"Do not alarm yourself. Nothing will happen." He did not utter what he somewhat vulgarly thought

—that those who were born to be hung would never be drowned. "Luke thinks too much of his own handsome self to do anything desperate," he did add, rather maliciously. "Do you think you are strong enough now to walk to the house? I have told them you went to look for a bracelet you had lost."

"Oh, dear Joey—oh, how kind you are!" She clasped her white, pretty hands around his arm. But he shook her off—almost.

"Laura, I did it to keep your name from being scandalized, because you are your father's daughter, and because your father has been my more than friend. The less we say about it the better. Come, shall we go home?"

"Yes," she acquiesced, plaintively. "But, Joey, won't you make me a promise? Won't you look after Luke a little? We shall be back at home to-morrow, and I should be so much easier if I felt that I could know how he was going on—know if anything happened to him."

Joey bit his lip in the dark. Strange that he could not despise and hate this girl, who was infatuated with a man for whom he had nothing but contempt. But he could not. It was sweet to have her clinging to him; uttering his name so wistfully, looking into his eyes so confidently, even at the price of having to talk about Luke Vantoon.

"I can keep a look at what he is up to, Laura. It will be nothing very edifying, I daresay."

"Joey, what is it that he does? What makes you and papa so hard on him?"

"I don't know, particularly, what he does, Laura. Our ways are different. His main object is to amuse himself. He lounges about town, well-fed, well-dressed, spending money which he don't earn—calls it cultivating his art instinct. There, I have descended to the last measure in order to gratify you. Now I hope you are satisfied."

"Joey, I did not mean to offend you. Have I?" "You are my only friend. What should I do without you?" and, despite his rebuff, she clung to his arm with her soft little hands and made his heart beat fast and forgivingly.

"The idea that any thing in the shape of a man could have exposed her to such an adventure," was his mental comment, as he felt her tremble and shiver from excitement still.

"Poor Luke! I am glad he don't know what has happened. He has enough to bear, poor fellow," was her reflection, as they silently pursued the remainder of their way.

Luke Vantoon might have found considerable legitimate fault with his ancestors. He had an extremely handsome person; a sensuous, pleasure-loving temper, an inflated pride of birth and contempt of labour, and very little moral strength.

When Laura Chenstone's fresh beauty and candid, unaffected manners awoke a passion in his heart, which he soon found was returned, he esteemed himself as more fortunate than usual. Here was a girl who would make him a charming wife, united with an heiress whose fortune was equal to their support.

He thought himself in clover for a few weeks, when suddenly Nemesis appeared in the person of Mr. Chenstone, who was one of those sterling, self-made men who are apt to be perhaps a trifle too severe upon qualities and failings with which they cannot sympathize.

Mr. Chenstone looked upon it as a species of insolence that a man with no visible means of support, who affected the green-rooms of theatres, and prided himself upon the manufacture of nude boys in clay, should solicit his daughter's hand.

"Show me your achievements, and I will show you my capacities," said Luke Vantoon.

But the stute man of business was incapable of accepting the seed for the fruit.

"He will never make my girl happy if I let her marry him," he said to Joey Gregg, in confidence, and was fully endorsed by his listener. "It is not in him to love with a lasting, honest love," which the young lawyer fully believed.

When Laura got home from the Briers that autumn, her father was intensely relieved that she seemed to have given up her obnoxious suitor.

Luke's name was not mentioned. Laura was only too glad to avoid it.

And meantime Joey Gregg came and went in constant attendance, and the father flattered himself that it would all come out right in the end.

It was rather a happy time for all. Laura, satisfied that her lover was not going to commit suicide, but was only, as she learned, writing a book, allowed herself to dream over her love and exalt its object, while Joey Gregg, in happy familiarity, half forgot his rival.

Luke Vantoon, after his last interview with Laura, had returned home in a savage, Byronic humour, and set to writing poetry. By the aid of much bad company and more absolute, he had kept his im-

agination up to the point of producing a poor imitation of Swinburne's poorest efforts, and about the holidays the appearance of his poems in print were duly announced.

Laura read the announcement in an evening paper with the keenest relish. Seldom had she felt so elate. The man whom she loved and trusted had honoured her love and trust. The world was going to share her admiration for his genius and approve her taste. Her father's ground of opposition was to be removed. Luke had proved himself capable of sustained effort; of finished production. He had entered the market for money-getting as well as the niche for fame.

Laura was going to a party that evening, and her father being somewhat unwell had relinquished the place of escort to Mr. Gregg. From time to time as she dressed Laura read the newspaper notice. Her toilet was especially becoming that night—a ball dress of white silk and lace profusely decorated with blue forget-me-nots, which appeared to her happy imagination to have a peculiar significance. Possibly Luke might be at the ball. How delightful to meet him, honoured and applauded as a poet. How eagerly she could congratulate him. She remembered in reference to their parting that the next advances must come from her. She did not for an instant doubt that Luke would be glad to meet them.

She was in the drawing-room when Mr. Gregg arrived.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"As if you were growing vain," Joey rejoined.

She handed him her opera-cloak, but he placed it around her very formally.

"Has this ball any special attractions for you?"

"No—I don't know," and she blushed.

The ball, however, had no special attractions for Laura. Luke Vantoon was not there, and she was even more anxious to get away than she had been to go.

"Joey," she said, as soon as they were seated in the carriage, "do you know that Luke has written a book?"

"Yes, I know it."

"A very clever book, the papers say."

"Yes; so they say."

"Well, writing a book is doing something, something like what father meant. Don't you think so?" "Perhaps it is."

"Do you know, Joey," and Laura placed her winning little hand on that of her companion, "I thought Luke would come to this ball to-night. I thought he would want to see me now."

"I thought you drove him off for ever that night at the Briers?"

"We quarrelled, of course. But it was only because he was unwilling to do as I wished, and—I was unwilling to do—as he wished. But he has given in, don't you see? He has applied himself, and written a book, that entitles him to come back to me, if he wishes. He could have done it so nicely to-night, just as his book was announced. I don't see why he did not, unless he has forgotten me, Joey."

"He could not come, Laura."

"Could not! what do you mean, Joey? What is the matter with him?"

"He is ill," was the brief rejoinder.

"Ill! and you did not tell me. You promised to tell me if anything happened to him."

"Don't reproach me, Laura. I can't stand that. I only found out to-day that Luke was ill, and I intended to tell you when we got home."

"If he is ill I must see him."

"Don't think of it, Laura. At least at present. It is impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"I cannot explain. I will see that he wants nothing, for your sake. I will let him know also that you wish to see him, if you desire it."

She was silent a few moments.

"Joey," she said, at last, withdrawing her hand, "unless you help me, I shall find out for myself where Luke is, and go to see him, alone."

Joey was silent. She hurt him worse than she imagined. His faithful devotion, his probity, his unselfishness, all counted for nothing against the attractions of a man who could neglect her and forget her with less than half the pain he felt that moment.

He thought he would answer:

"Very well. I wash my hands of it."

But he could not utter the words. At last he said:

"Perhaps if I tell the bare truth I may not be unfair to any one. You must not interrupt me, Laura, and you need not decide to-night as to what you will do. In what I am going to tell you, don't lose sight of the fact that I love you, that in all I do and say I am prompted by my desire for you, my hope that somehow, some time, I yet may win you. It

may be groundless hope, but nevertheless I hold to it. But I will try and not let it make me unfair toward the man who has your heart. Luke is ill and poor, and surrounded by a bad set. He is up to his ears in debt, and he is living in a third-rate hotel frequented by actors. You see at once that it would not be reputable for you to visit him."

"Poor Luke, poor fellow!" she sighed.

"As I said, I will see that he is made comfortable, for your sake. If it is prudent, I will have him carried to my own boarding-house, to-morrow, if he will go."

Even Laura shrunk from the idea of Luke accepting Joey Gregg's charity.

"He won't go," she said. "But, Joey, there is his Uncle Vantoon, who is going to leave him his money. He will help him."

"No, he will not. I asked Luke if I should not go to him for advice. He said it was useless; that his uncle had sent back his letters unopened for a month past."

"Poor Luke!"

"Now, Laura, if you will promise not to do anything without consulting me, I will promise to help Luke, and to help you to see him when it is best."

"I can't promise," she said. "I drove Luke away, and made him desperate, or he would not have got into debt or bad company."

"Then, Laura, if you will not counsel with me, I shall do what I can to circumvent you. I have my own doubts as to whether you ever marry Luke Vantoon, and if I can I will save you from being shocked or compromised by going to visit him."

Never in all her knowledge of Joey Gregg had Laura Chenstone experienced such a sense of his power, or been surprised into so profound a respect. But this did not alter her determination to go as soon as she like to her lover.

Oh, Philip, oh, my king,
The world abandons thee!

Laura lay awake, tossed to and fro for the few remaining hours of darkness, revolving her plans.

In her indulged life Miss Chenstone controlled everything but money. Her father had his peculiar notions, and preferred himself to pay her bills. But just now it was money which she needed, and she bethought herself of a friend who had once proposed to buy her India shawl, on her saying that he was not tall enough to become it.

She rose early and left home. A long walk brought her to her friend's, who readily agreed to purchase the shawl, and at once paid her the money—not half its value, but seemingly a large sum to Laura.

So rapidly and feverishly had she performed her errand that it was but just ten o'clock when she reached the hotel within whose walls Luke lay ill.

The inmates were seemingly late sleepers, for she met no one in the passage save a sleepy-looking boy, who conducted her to Mr. Vantoon's door and left her.

Laura was indisputably frightened as she knocked. She had half a mind to retreat, and was ashamed of herself for her cowardice.

A slight stir was audible within the room after her rap. But not until it had been twice repeated was the door opened by an elderly and slovenly woman, who regarded Miss Chenstone with unmistakable disfavour.

"How is Mr. Vantoon this morning?" inquired the young lady.

"About as usual, madam. Have you a message for him, or who shall I say called?"

"Say to Mr. Vantoon that Miss Chenstone wishes to see him," replied Laura, peremptorily, taking a step forward and leaving the woman no alternative but to admit her to the room, which was stale and disorderly enough.

The couch had evidently been occupied as a bed; a breakfast-table was spread with a soiled cloth; the fire was dull and poor, and through an open door Laura looked into a small, close chamber, where, upon a tumbled, untidy bed, Luke lay.

Laura involuntarily paused. In her rich, dark walking suit, with her quiet, elegant mien, her brilliant complexion aglow from her exercise in the keen air, and the faint, fresh odour of the hothouse flowers which she had stopped to purchase, she seemed entirely out of place.

"Is he asleep?" she inquired, feeling the difficulty and incongruity of her situation, and speaking deferentially to the unpleasant-looking attendant, who seemed to be making an inventory of her apparel.

At the sound of her voice Luke awoke, and raised himself quickly upon his elbow.

"Laura! Good Heavens!" he cried; "what brought you here?"

She was reassured in a moment.

"The knowledge that you needed me, Luke."

"Does your father—does anyone know that you

have come?" he asked, faintly, as she approached his bedside.

"No one knows. Be calm, Luke. I heard that you were ill. Do you think I could stay away from you?"

"You might better have stayed away. I shall never get well, Laura. I have no wish to do so. I am unfit to live. Go home and forget me."

"No wonder you are low-spirited in such a place. It is that I have come to see about your removal. Of course as soon as your book sells you will have plenty of money, but I thought—I did not know—and so I brought this," and into his hot hand Laura thrust the price of her India shawl, "and some heliotrope and rosebuds. I wish there was a clean glass to put them in."

She talked very fast in her embarrassment.

"And I want you to promise to be taken away from here at once to some nice place where I can help take care of you. Mr. Gregg will be here by-and-by to see about it. Now I am going home. No one ever need know that I have been here."

And she gazed at her sick hero with tender eyes brimful of tears, and longed, with all her womanly heart, to lay off her velvet hat and dainty gloves and set to rights this comfortless apartment.

"Oh, Laura!" groaned Luke, turning his face away from her.

But she dare not trust herself farther and slipped, without another word, from the room.

A rap at the outer door had once more summoned the old nurse to open it, and, alarmed at the prospect of being met, Laura turned pale and stood still.

The door opened and, in utter consternation, she found herself face to face with—her father.

"So it is true, madam? I find you here."

Mr. Cheneston was slow to anger, but of a fearful temper when aroused. His passion was at white heat now, as Laura saw at a glance.

"Forgive me, father. I intended to tell you all—I did it. I could not help coming. Luke was sick, in poverty, friendless. I could not help it. And—

and—Joey was very unkind to tell."

"A poor judge you of who is kind or unkind, and if you had been any way able to appreciate the consequences of coming here, I do you the justice to believe you never would have come."

You have done it, however, and there is but one amendment. You may marry your lover before you return home."

More terrified than ever, Laura uttered a shriek.

"Father, you do not know what you are saying."

"Never better, Miss Cheneston. We will have the wedding for which you are so anxious at once. At least you need not return to my house until you are married."

She staggered backward.

"You are brutal," she said, with a flash of hereditary fire.

He smiled a cold, ghastly smile.

"I wish you were half as good a daughter as I am a father," he said. "But we will not discuss our mutual dismerits, if you please."

Just then the door once more opened to admit Joey Gregg.

Without a moment's reflection, Laura rushed to his side.

"Take me away from here, at once," she cried.

"It is all your fault. How could you, how could you be so cruel?"

Her father fell on the floor in a fit.

Mr. Cheneston's attack was paralytic, and he did not recover his faculties. When, a fortnight later, a second shock proved fatal, his only daughter was lying sick unto death with that most dreaded of diseases—small-pox, contracted, it appeared, on her visit to Luke Vantoon; for, as was subsequently discovered, a case existed in the house at that time.

She was happily unconscious when the parting hour came, and knew nothing of the funeral of the parent whom, in spite of her offence, she loved so fondly.

When convalescence came, with all its revelations, she seemed to be entering upon a new sphere of existence.

Through all this time of trouble Joey Gregg came and went with the same steady fidelity. It was to him that Mr. Cheneston confided the settlement of his affairs, and he was left his daughter's guardian. Upon him likewise devolved the task of acquainting Laura with the changes which had occurred.

He was a little shocked, despite his preparation, at the change in Laura at their first meeting. She was considerably disfigured by the disease. Her fair skin—her chief beauty—was not scarred, but mottled and purplish, and her eyes terribly swollen with weeping.

"You ask nothing of Luke Vantoon, Laura," Mr. Gregg said, after a long silence which followed his revelation of the changes which had occurred.

She shivered slightly. She had such painful associations with Luke of late that it gave her no comfort to think of him.

"He has recovered?" she said, at last, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes; great changes have come to Luke as to others."

"Ah! changes?"

"Yes; he has inherited a handsome fortune from his uncle, whose death occurred a few weeks since, and—he has gone abroad."

Laura gave a perceptible start. Gone? Ignoring her. She looked at Joey Gregg almost pleadingly.

"I am going myself for six-months' run on the Continent, as soon as I can get matters in shape," he added, not meeting her eye.

"I shall miss you, Joey," said Laura, plaintively.

"But," with a sudden bitterness, "I shall not ask you to look after Mr. Vantoon for my sake any more."

"Doubtless there is some misunderstanding on his part which will be explained. You are your own mistress now, and Luke is rich. Those two circumstances change all our relations."

Laura thought that he need not so formally revoke his former protestations. She said:

"I hope nothing can ever change our relation as friends, Joey."

"Nothing can, Laura," he said, heartily.

And thus the interview ended.

Laura got well dismally. Life seemed shrouded in crape and bombazine. She did not know whether her looks were regained or no. She did not care. She was conscious of a constant miss in her life, and supposed it came from Luke Vantoon's absence.

Long days she sat there idle on the yellow sands. The sob of the waves soothed her. The sea-breeze browned her face and ministered to her. The wound in her heart was healing.

Unexpectedly, one morning, from her usual place, she saw Luke Vantoon approaching her. Handsomer than ever; perfectly appointed, self-satisfied, prosperous. What a change since she had beheld him last. She felt more curiosity than trepidation as to how he would greet her. She was able to master in her mind the peculiar circumstances of their relation. With all his old winning grace, he dropped into the place beside her.

"A few months since I never expected to say that I was glad to see Laura Cheneston again," he began.

"I do not understand what you mean by that, Luke."

"You do not? Surely you know how I recovered from my long illness, to be told that you were on the point of marrying Mr. Gregg?"

"My conduct looked convincingly like it," she said, with irony, "particularly my visit to yourself."

"Yes. I was told that you came to see me—with your accepted suitor, and your father."

She shuddered to remember that scene.

"But need not to be told. You know that I was there."

"I think I have some dreamy, feverish recollection of your coming. And it has always seemed as though you stood beside me and gave me something. But it was all confused and mixed. You were good to come, Laura, after our parting at the Briers. I felt cut adrift from every tie when you threw me over there."

Laura's swelling heart gave a great plunge, as it were, of relief. There was nothing to render account of; no dropped stitches to pick up. The ground was firm again under her feet. She was at liberty to consider whether this was really the man to whom belonged her confidence and her heart. Perhaps he was. Anyway she could consider.

"How did you learn that I was here?" she asked.

"I met Gregg at Dresden, and found out you were not married, nor even engaged. I learned also your whereabouts from him. For you correspond, it seems."

"And then?"

"And then I came home, and looked you up."

"How long since you came?"

"It is about a fortnight. I had some business which kept me in town."

"You are a man of business now, Luke," she said, with a half-smile.

"Yes," he returned, "and you are free."

"That is true. It is as if we began life anew."

"Are we to consider each other as new acquaintances?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, slowly. "I think that will be best."

So Laura Cheneston found herself but one of her old lover's new friends. He had many friends in these days. He was rich and popular; a poet, an

Naturally, in her mourning dress, and in her rather frail health, Laura mixed but little with the amusement-seeking crowd of the gay hotel.

But Luke was the gayest among these, so that Laura seldom had him for an hour to herself, as in her heart she confessed she would have liked to.

One evening she overheard two gentlemen discussing her lover's prospects.

"Vantoon would be a good catch for her," was the first observation.

"For Julia Waring? Oh, yes. But they say he is engaged to Miss Cheneston, the heiress. Plain, sober little thing—don't dance."

"Shouldn't think she would stand so much flirtation."

"She will have to stand a good deal of all sorts of untidiness if she marries Luke Vantoon," was the rejoinder.

"Yes; I hope he will fall into Julia's hands. She'll steady him."

Laura smiled, with some pity for the speakers, a little for herself.

The following morning Luke followed her to the beach. Almost abruptly, he said:

"I have been a patient wooer, Laura. Is there any hope that I shall ever be a successful one?"

And she answered:

"I have loved you very dearly, Luke, but I now think it has been rather as a sister or a friend."

"I always said you would throw me over in the end," he cried, provoked that he could not get what he did not want.

"You will find consolation," she said. And inwardly, "If he knew I had taken him that money! Ah me, I should have to marry him. Blessings on the old woman, who must have stolen it from his unconscious hands."

Some little bird in the air whispered to Joey Gregg, on his return in the autumn, that Laura's meeting with Luke Vantoon had ended in estrangement. So when he met her he was careful to begin on a more formal basis.

Laura chafed at this. And finally, when a dignified distance had been preserved for some weeks, she remonstrated.

"Every one turns against me. I have no more friends—not even you, Joey."

"No, I am not your friend any more."

"Why not?"

"Because I am your lover."

"How cruel you are to frighten me so."

"Does that frighten you, Laura? It is an old bugbear."

"Perhaps it is. But I see it in a new light."

"Do you, indeed? Ah, Laura, dear Laura, do you?"

She blushed through the skin which was fair and satiny once more.

"Yes, Joey, I do."

And he was satisfied.

W. H. F.

A MONUMENT to Savonarola has been unveiled at Ferrari, in the presence of Prince Humbert and the local authorities. Signor Finelli and others delivered speeches dwelling upon the principles of liberty professed by Savonarola.

It is announced that Mr. George Smith has received instructions from the Treasury to renew his researches in Mesopotamia. A sum of 1,000*l.* has been placed at his disposal, and he will remain in the East till that amount is exhausted.

One of the latest discoveries in Pompeii is a small woollen manufactory, situated very near the house where the fresco representing Orpheus was recently discovered. Several charred fragments of tapestry were found in this place, besides various machines for carding and weaving wool.

THE EFFECT OF JOINT REGISTRY IN JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES.—What is stated to be a new point in Joint-Stock Company law has just been decided by Vice-Chancellor Malins—re the Maria Anna and Stein Bank Coal and Coke Company, Limited. The question was whether the excoitrix of one William Hall, who had been registered with another party as the holder of certain shares in the above company, was liable to be placed on the list of contributories. The decision was made to turn on the technical point whether the holding was several or joint, as the liability in the former case would descend to the executors, and in the latter case would not, the survivor alone remaining responsible. The Court have decided that the holding was joint, and the name of the proposed contributory was removed from the list.

MEMORIAL OF TILLOTSON.—An interesting memorial of Tillotson has been found in Halifax parish church. The choir of this ancient church is now being stripped of plaster, and the memorial, along with one relating to Joseph Wilkinson, twenty-fourth vicar of Halifax, was found near the ceiling above the communion table. The archbishop was

born at Haughend, in the parish, and his baptism is recorded in the register of the parish church thus, under date October 3, 1630—"John Robert Tillotson, Sowb." Robert being the name of his father, and Sowerby the township in which he was born. The memorial now discovered contains the following inscription in gilt letters: "Johannes Tillotson Archiepiscopus Cantuariensis Sowerbii Reginus Halifaxia 8tio Sbris 1693 Denatus Lambetha 22do Novembris A.D. 1694. Aetatis sue 65." The other inscription, found close to the archbishop's, is in these words:—"Josephus Wilkenson Moseimus Quarto Vicar de Halifax. Initiatus Septimo Die Septembris A.D. 1691." The alterations in the church have disclosed evidence that the two western bays of the choir belong to the period of the thirteenth century, the three eastern bays having been added in the perpendicular period.

HUNTED FOR HER MONEY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

By order of the coroner Caspar Voe's body was picked up by two men and laid upon a hurdle. Four men undertook to transport this ghastly burden to the village, and, guarded by the coroner's jury and the park labourers, and followed by the curious crowd of villagers, the body of Caspar Voe was slowly conveyed to the "Marquis of Granby" Inn, at which he had stopped, and from which he had stolen forth secretly upon the night in which he had gone to his death.

Arrived at the inn, the body was placed upon a table in the parlour, and the inquest began, the villagers crowding around, full of awe at the mystery, which was unparalleled in all their experience.

The coroner was a small shopkeeper, of ordinary intelligence, and the proceedings were conducted by him with due regard to order.

In the first place, the landlord of the inn, recognising the hideous, scarred face with its single eye, testified that the deceased had been a guest in his house only two days before, that he had registered his name as Caspar Voe, that he had arrived in the carrier's cart from Spalding, and that he had seemed cheerful and well; that he had eaten heartily, and that he had retired early to bed on Thursday evening, saying that he was fatigued and must rest, as he should return to London on the following morning. He had requested to be called early, and had spoken for a place in the carrier's cart on its return to Spalding. But when the landlord knocked at his door early the next morning there had been no response. The landlord, fearing that something was wrong, after repeated assaults upon the door, had finally effected a violent entrance into the room. And then he had discovered that the bed had not been slept in, that the window was open, and the guest was gone. He had not seen him from the hour at which he had gone up to his room until now when the said Voe laid before him, stark dead.

The hostler testified that on Wednesday morning, as he stood pumping water at the horse-trough, deceased, who had then newly arrived at the inn, came out and made inquiry of him as to the distance to Follott Court. The hostler had supposed from his dress and appearance that he was some broken-down gentleman who had come to solicit pecuniary assistance from Lady Follott. The hostler had called the attention of deceased to the Follott carriage over the way, and deceased had crossed the street and alighted at Lady Follott and her niece Miss Bermyngham. Whether deceased had really applied to the ladies for help, the hostler did not know.

It had become necessary in the investigation of the affair to learn if Voe had really presented himself at Follott Court, and the land steward was despatched to make the necessary inquiries.

When Mr. Lambton returned to the inn he was seated in the Follott carriage with Lady Follott, Miss Bermyngham, Finette, her maid, and the hall-porter who had admitted Voe on the occasion of his open visit to the court.

Place was made for the baroness and her party, and chairs were given them. Lady Follott had chosen to come in person to the inn, and Miss Bermyngham had insisted upon accompanying her. Calm and untroubled was the pretty pink-and-white face of the Indian princess; she looked a little haughty, a little disdainful, somewhat wondering; but there was nothing in her appearance to indicate that a guilty soul lay beneath that snowy robe—that an anguished heart beat under those laces and embroideries. The hall-porter testified that the deceased had come to Follott Court and had demanded to see Miss Bermyngham; that Miss Bermyngham's maid had come down to him and had sent him away, and

that he had not presented himself at Follott Court thereafter.

Finette, the maid, testified to the same effect, that she had gone down to see the deceased; that he had made inquiries concerning a former maid of Miss Bermyngham, who had died upon her arrival in London from India, and that, on hearing of said maid's death, he had shown surprise and grief, appearing to be shocked, and had gone away in a sort of stupor.

Lady Follott and Miss Bermyngham both testified that they had not seen the deceased and knew nothing concerning him.

They then departed as they had come.

The testimony that succeeded was that of the keepers who had found the body, and of the village physician who was called in to examine it.

But their testimony proved only that the man had been foully murdered. If the knife with which the deed had been committed had been left in the body, the case might possibly have been deemed one of suicide; but under the circumstances there could be but one verdict.

And that verdict was that the deceased had come to his death by knife-wounds inflicted by some person to the coroner's jury unknown.

An examination of the few effects—a worn bag, with a shirt or two in it—and of the pockets of the deceased, threw no fresh light upon the subject. The man had died possessed of but a few shillings, not enough to pay his funeral expenses.

"He will have to be buried in a pauper's grave," said the doctor. "The matter must be attended to at once."

The afternoon had been consumed in investigations, and the night was now coming on. Just as the jury were about to disperse the carrier's cart came rolling into the paved court yard of the inn, and a single passenger alighted. The landlord, alive to his own interests, despite the tragedy absorbing his mind, hastened to meet him.

The new comer was a short, stout man, with a smooth and beardless face and a narrow forehead, a man with a dissipated appearance, whose new clothing, and the heavy gold watch-chain he displayed, could not make him look respectable.

"Are you the landlord?" asked this personage, addressing his host. "My name is Gordon Hyslop, sir. I wish to see my cousin who is stopping here—Mr. Caspar Voe."

The landlord's amazement betrayed itself in his countenance.

"Are you Mr. Voe's cousin?" he exclaimed. "And you have come to see him? How strange! How very strange!"

"I see nothing strange in it," said the new comer, testily. "The strangeness is in your conduct. Be good enough to inform Mr. Voe immediately of my presence here—or, better still, take me to him!"

The landlord conducted Mr. Hyslop away from the gathering crowd into a little private room.

"My dear sir," he said, solemnly, "prepare yourself for bad news. Your cousin, Mr. Voe, is dead!"

"Dead! Impossible!"

"Murdered!" said the landlord, in a tragic whisper. "He was found this very day in Follott Park, dead—murdered!"

"Murdered?"

"His body lies in the parlour. The coroner's jury has just brought in a verdict of 'murdered by parties unknown,'" said the landlord.

Mr. Hyslop was naturally shocked. His face, ruddy by nature, was very pale. He seemed scarcely able to credit the landlord's words.

"Murdered!" he repeated. "Take me to him. There may be some mistake of identity. Take me to see him!"

The landlord complied. The room in which the inquest had been held was deserted now, and the dead body lay on the table, covered over with a sheet.

Gordon Hyslop turned down the covering from the face and looked upon it with emotion. There could be no mistake in Voe's identity. His disfigured countenance would have been recognized anywhere by one who had once seen it.

"Who could have killed him?" said Hyslop, hoarsely. "Tell me all about it, landlord."

The innkeeper rehearsed a large share of the testimony bit by bit. Hyslop asked now and then a question, but for the most part was silent.

When the landlord had concluded, Hyslop said, quietly:

"Be good enough to prepare a room for me. I shall stay a few days. I wish to see the undertaker presently. My cousin shall have a decent burial at my expense. And now leave me alone with him for a few moments."

The landlord went out. Hyslop looked down upon the ghastly dead face with tears in his eyes. He knew the whole story of Caspar Voe's life, how

he had sinned and been sinned against. He knew that he had come to England in search of the guilty woman who, it was supposed, had assumed the name and disguise of Agatha Walden. Like Voe, before his appearance at Follott Court Hyslop had not heard of the death of "Agatha Walden." He knew that Voe had believed his guilty wife to be at Follott Court still, as Miss Bermyngham's maid, and he also believed it. And therefore he leaped to a conclusion which, if he had known more of the case, would not have occurred to him. In his very ignorance he arrived at a conviction of the truth.

"This is more of that fiend's work!" he muttered. "She killed his child. She disfigured and mutilated him, and tried to kill him. She is hidden at Follott Park under her disguise. She saw Voe, lured him to a secret meeting, on some pretence or other, and has killed him. He shall not die unavenged! I will devote myself from this moment to her destruction. Lillias Voe, the hour of your punishment draws near!"

(To be continued.)

It is stated that the number of English visitors in Paris at present is larger than at any time since the Exhibition of 1867.

A statue of Christopher Columbus has been placed in front of the Palace of Industry, Paris. People want to know what he did during the late war to merit this distinction.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM has, it is said, presented to M. Thiers a splendid edition of the works of Frederick the Great, in 15 volumes folio, printed special for the Emperor.

A NOVEL FASHION.—A new bonnet has been introduced. The machinery is thus described in the provisional specification for the patent:—"From front to back this bonnet is of endless diameter. It is set on behind a wreath piled up upon the spot where physiologists tell us the organ of firmness lies, and it defies madly the laws of gravitation. With its trailing garlands is a wild, frolicsome look, which suits the giddy spirits of youth. No pity has it for the faded or 'rejuvenated' hair; and it does not lend itself to the stratagem of the double veil of white and black tulle. It only goes with a bare face."

THE PATENT LAWS.—Up to the present time fourteen petitions have been presented to the House of Commons against the Patent Bill. The petition of the Sheffield Trades Council has been adopted by the Bury Trades Council, the United Shipping Trades of Liverpool, the Inventors in Dundee, the Manchester and Salford Trades Council, and the Hull Trades Council. It sets forth that if the bill becomes law it would materially lessen the encouragement at present given to those who devote their time, talents, and capacities to the origination and discovery of useful inventions, and would cause practical men to go elsewhere and carry their inventions with them.

It is a singular fact that the custom of kissing is altogether unknown to China.—The Chinese, indeed, have no word expressing love as we understand the passion. A naval officer narrates an amusing experience of the ignorance of the Chinese maidens of the science of kissing. Wishing to complete a conquest he had made of a young mei jin (beautiful lady), he invited her—using the English words—to give him a kiss. Finding her comprehension of his request somewhat obscure, he suited the action to the word and took a delicious kiss. The girl ran away into another room; but in a moment, finding herself uninjured by the salute, she returned to his side, saying, "I would learn more of your strange rite. Ke-ee-me. Ke-ee-me some more soon fine mee-lee-ke!" Disenchantment next week.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SPERM.—Mr. Gladstone took everybody by surprise the other day by making a short speech. It was so confidently believed that he could not do such a feat that fifteen reporters attended the annual meeting of the London Library to take down his words. It was amusing to see the disappointment of the experienced corps when Mr. Gladstone closed his opening remarks. If he had been the chairman of the London and North-Western Railway, announcing a dividend of 6½ per cent., he could not have been shorter. Earl Stanhope poked some fun at Mr. Gladstone laying down the "cares of governing a kingdom for the cares of the parish," and told a good story in illustration. When Daniel Webster was Secretary of State at Washington he kept a note-book, in which he recorded all the great transactions in which he bore a part. When he retired from office the note-book still went on, only instead of "Treaty with Great Britain Newfoundland Fisheries," there were items such as a "bridge trust" in Virginia, or "Ferry tolls across the Potomac." Mr. Gladstone is looking quite fresh and hearty. Absence from office, felling trees, impaling Papists, and otter-hunting agree with him.



[THE CHINA ASTER.]

FLOWERS: THEIR LANGUAGE, SENTIMENT, SYMBOLS AND INTERPRETATION.

By PHILANTHOS.

VOCABULARY.

CENTAURY, COMMON. (*Erythraea Centaurium*.) Good Appetite. Health.

An elegant little plant, some ten to twelve inches high, with small, wax-like pink, or rose-coloured flowers, having golden anthers, expanding only in sunshine. Its leaves are of a delicate green, smooth-surfaced and ribbed, making an intensely bitter infusion. From June to September it is frequent on heaths and dry meadows and on seashore cliffs, but it will be overlooked if sought in cloudy weather, as its flowers will be folded up, nor are they fully expanded after 3 p.m. Hence it will find a place in the "Dial of Flowers, or, Horologia Floralis," which I propose to append to these articles. Dr. Brook says—"It is an excellent stomachic; it strengthens the appetite, and is good against all obstructions of the liver and spleen. Hence it is recommended in jaundice. It is also used by country people against agues, being dried and powdered. A tincture is also made of its tops, two ounces of them to half a pint of rectified spirit, and filtered; a tablespoonful diluted is one dose in ague and intermittent fevers." The fresh leaves are recommended as an application to wounds. Dodsley speaks thus of a dyspeptic beyond the reach of medicine:

Wormwood and Centaury, their bitter juice
To aid digestion's sickly powers refuse.

CENTAURY. (*Centaurea Cyanus*.) The Cornflower. Delicacy.

The bright "Blue Bottle" of our cornfields, which flowers among the waving grain stalks from June till the reaper lays its brilliant blue crown low in August, is well known. It grows a stem covered with downy filaments, which are also found in the under-side of its leaves. It imparts its intense ultramarine blue to a dye made by pounding its central flowers (which are of the deepest blue)

in a mortar, and then adding a little alum to the juice. A lighter blue may be made by using the outer flowers. It dyes flax or cotton fabrics a lovely sky-blue. The names of this popular flower are numerous. Dr. Turner (1564) calls it in one place *Blowblow* and *Gera de Hart-sickle*, and the former writer tells us the reason of Gerard's name: "It was called by some herbalists *Blaptiscula* because it hurteth and dulleth the sickles, which of old were called *sioules*." In the north it is called the *Blue-bonnet*, and in some of the English counties *Blue-cap*. It is cultivated in our flower borders, where its flowers are multiplied in number and varied (but not improved) in tint. The botanical name of the plant is derived from the Centaur Chiron, who is said to have cured himself of a wound he received in the foot from Hercules by its use. I rather suspect, however, that it was quite another herb, namely, the *Erythraea Centaurium*, or *Common Centaury*, which we have described. As to its second name, there is a fanciful Greek story attached to our *Blue Cornflower* which we must not omit. It is fabled that the youth *Cyanus* (whose name, by the way, may be translated *Blue Boy*) spent his hours in the cornfields, wreathing wild flowers into garlands (a meritorious and devout occupation in ancient esteem), and admired this Corn flower above others, and his garments appear to have been of the same celestial tint. Being found dead among the *Centaurea* he had collected in the fields, the Goddess *Flora* metamorphosed him into the flower afterwards known as *Cyanus*, in grateful acknowledgment of his devotion to her worship. We may note that the downy petals of the cornflower are used by the superstitious in divination as other thistle-down. This is alluded to in the following lines:—

There is a flower, an azure flower,
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,
O'er which love breathed a powerful spell,
The truth of whispering hope to tell.
Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me—and loves me well:
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy lovely blue.

CEREUS. (*Cereus grandiflorus*.) Night-flowering Cereus. Modest Genius.

This noble flower begins to unfold its crimson petals from seven to eight in the evening, and they are fully blown by eleven; from three to four on the following morning they are closed and faded, never more to open. Not even the rose can excel the beauty and magnificence of the Night-blowing Cereus, yet how different is the queen of the garden from the Cereus, with its short span of existence! When the calyx of the Cereus is fully expanded it is nearly a foot in diameter, the inside of a glowing yellow presenting a star; the exterior of its cup is a deep brown, and fine white petals, in some varieties, augment its lustre; the stems are slightly bent back, elustering round the style, and the whole effect is improved by the exquisite perfume it exhales. Mrs. Sigourney thus describes this gorgeous night-flower:

See the noble Cereus rear
Its stately head at midnight drear!
Its modest bud makes no display
Before the glaring eye of day;
But, sober brown, conceals the glow
That lurks within that shell of snow.
Slowly its paly leaves unfold,
Then starting, give us to behold
Its full-blown beauties, dazzling fair,
With threads of gold, for fingers rare.
But while with love and awe we raise
To the bright flower our raptured gaze,
The threads of gold elude our eye,
And all its glories fade and die!
The russet coat enshrouds the flower,
And all is gone ere matin's hour!

CHAMOMILE. (*Anthemis nobilis*.) Endurance Constancy in Adversity.

This well-known plant, with its prostrate stem and coarse, daisy-like, strong-smelling flowers, possesses peculiar qualities which justify its symbolic interpretations. Shakespeare tells us truly (when does he err in such touches of folk-lore?) that "the chamomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows," and country people who grow this herb walk over the beds to thicken and improve the plants. The strong odour of chamomile, however grateful to our ancestors, is not, we opine, ranked among modern perfumes. Nevertheless, it is a most valuable plant as a tonic, the camphor, tannin, and essential oil being so much esteemed that it retains its place in the modern Pharmacopoeia. The odour and flavour can both be extracted by infusion in water or in spirit. Chamomile tea is a wonderful restorative of digestion, and the odour of a bed of chamomile has proved restorative to many a valetudinarian. One of our oldest herbals says, "It is a good herbe, and planted in alleys and walks in banks to sit upon; for the more it is trodden or pressed down in drier weather, the closer it groweth, and the better it will thryve." Hence it is a proper symbol for Endurance and Constancy in Adversity.

CHAMPIGNON.—See Mushroom.

CHASTE TREE.—See *Agnus Castus*.

CHEQUERED FRITILLARY.—See Fritillary.

CHERRY TREE. Blossom of—Wild or Cultivated. Good Education.

As we write this, within fifteen feet of our window stands a well-trained standard Mayduke Cherry Tree, some twelve feet in height, so profusely clustered with bunches of snow-white blossom that naught is visible but the pale-green spikelets of leaves, marking the growth of the new shoots. It is indeed a gracious and gorgeous sight, and one of its silver-tufted sprays may well be taken, in its rich promise, as the emblem of Good Education. We say not this in disparagement of the lovely Wild Cherry blossom, of which we will anon give John Proctor, a true poet, better known by his nom de plume of Barry Cornwall, his turn to speak; but we say it in the sense of the following apposite remarks, which we quote from the Rev. Robert Tyas: "Both the wild and garden trees are, when blooming, very pleasing, but when the season for gathering fruit arrives there is a vast difference. Then the garden tree shows the effect of Good Education, and the trainer's pains are well rewarded by a rich and delicious fruit. Such difference is there between an untaught person who presumes to prune our fruit trees and the educated fruit-grower who has learned their various habits and knows how to do the work. The former, if allowed to prune trees, will usually destroy all the fruit-bearing branches, while the latter cuts away those that exhaust the tree and retains such as will bear abundant and good fruit." We may note here that while the Romans possessed only eight varieties of Cherry, two hundred are known to our cultivators and more than fifty sorts come commonly to market. Kent is our great Cherry county, and what can be more beautiful than the sight of a Kentish orchard in May? The fruit is said to have been first cultivated at Seyham, in Kent, in the reign of Henry VIII. Peacham, who published his

emblems in 1612 (time of James I.), thus describes an English garden, and speaks of the Cherry as a recent introduction:

The Persian peach and fruitful quince,
And there the forward almond grove,
With Cherries knowne no long time since,
The winter warden, orchard's pride,
The philibert that loves the wall,
And red queen-apple, so envied
Of schoolboys passing by the pale.

That this is a mistake is shown by the fact that John Gower, who wrote long before the year 1400, in the reign of Richard II., mentions Cherries in the prologue to the "Confessio Amantis":

So hope cometh in at laste,
When I no other foodde do knowe;
But that endureth but a throwe—
Right as it were a Cherrie feast

And again Geoffrey Chaucer, a little later, says of a garden:

And manie homelie trees there were
That peaches, cokes and apples bere,
Medlars, plummes, peres, chastaines,
Cherise, of which manie a one faine is,
Nottes and aleis and bolas,
That for to see it was great solace.

It will be observed that the old Gower mentions a "cherrie feast" as an evanescent pleasure.

There is such a pretty old story about the origin of one of the Cherry feasts that I must tell it here: "In the cruel religious wars of the fifteenth century the city of Hamburg, one of the Free Hanse Towns, was sore besieged by an army of Hussites, who threatened destruction to its inhabitants. A leading citizen, whose name of Wulf is preserved, proposed that all the little children from seven to fourteen years old should be sent with an appeal to the Christian pity of the enemy. The general of the Hussites was moved at the pleading of these innocents, and sent them back with an assurance that he would spare the city, but first he feasted the little ambassadors with Cherries. The rejoicing little ones returned with joyous shouts, waving above their heads boughs laden with the bright red fruit, and from that year was kept the annual holiday known as "The Feast of Cherries."

CHERRY, THE WILD (*Prunus Avium*), or Jean Tree, is taken as the emblem of insincerity, and I have chosen the Cherry Laurel for the symbol of the darker crimes of Treachery and Poison, for reasons that I shall presently state. The Wild Cherry is a handsome tree, whether in wood, in hedgegrove, or standing singly, and its white and fragrant blossoms are seen in May overtopping and outshining the sweet-smelling hawthorn or true "May." The birds sing gratefully on its sprays for the food its small black berries furnish, and the rich red colour of its leaves at a later period of the year is a charming speciality of the Wild Cherry. I promised, in the preceding article, to enrich the present by Proctor's pretty poem, so here are his verses on—

THE WILD CHERRY TREE.

Oh! there never was yet so fair a thing,
By racing river or bubbling spring,
Nothing that ever so gaily grew
Up from the ground when the skies are blue,
Nothing so brave, nothing so free,
As thou—my wild, wild Cherry Tree.

Jove, how it danced in the gusty breeze,
Jove, how it frolicked amongst the trees,
Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
Stripping the thorn of its hoary crown,
Oak or ash—what matter to thee?
'Twas the same to my wild, wild Cherry Tree.

Never at rest, like one that's young,
Abroad to the winds its arms it flung,
Shaking its bright and crowned head,
Whilst I stole up for its berries red—
Beautiful berries, beautiful tree,
Hurrah for the wild, wild Cherry Tree!

Back I fly to the days gone by,
And I see thy branches against the sky,
I see in the grass thy blossoms shed,
I see (nay, I taste) thy berries red,
And I shout—like the tempest loud and free—
Hurrah for the wild, wild Cherry Tree!

Another poet, whose name I regret I have not in memory, has some lines in praise of the early spring blossom of the Wild Cherry too meritorious to be omitted from the Poetry of Flowers:—

Look at the blooms—just peeping from their nest
Of moss and leaves, so beautifully shy—
It may be that the sight as yet is new,
Or else methinks I love these lowly ones
More than the rose herself; and better far
Than boughs with fruitage crowned the dazzling
wreaths.

Which deck yon Wilding Cherry, white as snow
Save where a faint, soft blush, all but invisible,
Steals o'er the whiteness.

CHERRY, OR, ALMOND, LAUREL. (*Prunus Lauro-cerasus*. Treachery. Poison.

This shrub, or rather small evergreen tree, with its shining oblong leaves, placed alternately on strong short footstalks, with its small, cherry-like drupes, is a native of the Levant, but has long been cultivated here as an additional ornament to the clumps of ornamental shrubs in landscape gardening. Its leaves are too commonly used in custards, puddings, blanc-mange, etc., and other confectionery, on account of the grateful bitter-almond flavour and fragrance they impart. Its leaves have a bitter, styptic taste and an odour similar to the kernels of other drupaceous fruits, of apple-pips—indeed of prussic acid, which they contain in considerable quantity. The small amount, however, which suffices to flavour custards, etc., seems to be innocuous, though, from a communication made by Dr. Madden of Dublin to the Royal Society, deleterious, and in some cases fatal effects arise from the simple water distilled from Cherry-laurel leaves. As to its effects as a poison, the cause célèbre of Sir Theodosius Broughton, whose death was declared by a jury to have been caused by the administration of Cherry-laurel-water (distilled from the leaves of the *Prunus lauro-cerasus*), gathered in his park by the poisoner) long ago placed beyond dispute its claim to the evil fame of symbolising Treachery and Poison.

CHESTNUT TREE. (*Castanea Vulgaris*). Spanish Chestnut. Sweet Chestnut. Do me Justice.

This noble tree, second only to the oak in grandeur in the adornment of our parks and pleasure-grounds, is supposed to have been introduced into England by the Romans. It is supposed that some of the oldest Chestnut trees in the kingdom were in youthful vigour a thousand years ago. The somewhat far-fetched sentiment of "Do me Justice," which I find attached in the vocabularies to the Chestnut, may find a faint justification in the fanciful, if not fantastic, lines of Cowper, who seems to deprecate the neglect of the beautiful Chestnuts in Weston Underwood:—

Nor distant far a length of colonnade
Invites us; monument of ancient taste,
Now scorned, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns, and in these shaded walks
And long protracted bowers enjoyed at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
Thanks to Benevolus, he spares me yet
Those Chestnuts, ranged in corresponding lines,
And though himself so polished, still reprieves
This obsolete prolixity of shade."

We have alluded to the great age attained by the Chestnut. Bishop Mant, in his "British Months," which we so often quote in these pages, speaks of the Great Tortworth Chestnut, which was supposed to have been 300 years old in the reign of King John (A.D. 1199), and which still flourishes, hale and green, in Lord Ducie's park there:—

"Here lately stood, or haply stands
E'en now, in Tortworth's lordly lands,
And stood in England's days of yore,
What time the English bowmen bore
The keen assault of Norman knights,
The landmark of manorial rights,
Proud of his Saxon ancestry
And stature great, the Chestnut Tree;
Nor through broad England's woods for age
With that can all her sons engage.

There are also some very fine Chestnuts in Kensington Gardens and Greenwich Park, and one glorious specimen has lately become familiar to the dwellers in London and its vicinity by the purchase of the Grove on the slope of Crouch Hill by the Alexandra Palace Company, who have made the shaded walk associated with the name of Dr. Johnson a part of their public pleasure grounds.

As to the edible qualities of the Chestnut, observe, the best for roasting come from Spain. I need not enlarge thereon in this place.

The use of chestnut-wood in building in former times was very prevalent. Parts of the starlings of Old London Bridge, the roof of Westminster Hall, and other durable works, being framed of it. Perhaps its use in the ceiling of what was for centuries the Great Hall of the Administration of Justice in England may give a fanciful association with its sentiment of "Do me Justice."

CHICKWEED. (*Stellaria Media*). Rendezvous.

This well-known wild flower is found everywhere and at all seasons, springing up with abundant pertinacity on rich cultivated ground, and straggling about among our vegetables and flowers with provoking vigour after every refreshing shower. But if the Chickweed is of little use to man, it is a beautiful provision at all seasons for poultry and the smaller songsters of the grove:

How many plants, we call them weeds,
Against our wishes grow,
And scatter wide their various seeds,
To all the winds that blow.

Scattered, but small, they 'scape the eye,
But are not wasted there,
Safe, they in clefts and furrows lie—
The little birds find where.

Besides, the humble Chickweed is a sure prognosticator of the weather, and if our juvenile friends, and "children of a larger growth" for that matter, are not too proud to learn, we can tell them the little humble Chickweed knows as much of the coming weather as the best barometer hanging in a rich man's hall. Its little star not only shines when the sun does, but if full spread it is safe for two or three hours. But if you find it partially closed, or closing, take care of your best bonnet, for a shower is coming—sooner or later, in proportion to its slower or more speedy folding up. On ordinary occasions, in average weather, the Chickweed in its truly wild state (we have seen it half a yard high, with leaves an inch and a half long, and a stem half an inch diameter) opens about nine in the morning and closes at noon, but if it rains remains closed (see also Pimpernel). It shows also in a striking degree the sleep of plants, for every night its leaves approach in pairs, and fold up within their upper surfaces the rudimental, or younger shoots. The uppermost pair of leaves but one nearest the end of the stalk will be found to have longer leaf-stalks than the others, so that they can close over the last pair, and so protect the end of the shoot.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above;
But not the less in humble flow'rets under us
Stands the clear revelation of His love.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How close akin they are to human things.

CHICORY WILD. (*Cichorium Intybus*). Frugality. The straggling, hairy-leaved plant known as Wild Succory, with a large blue flower, found on the borders of gravelly or chalky fields in July and August, is a near relation of the Garden Endive (*Cichorium endiva*) and of dandelion (*Leontodon Taraxacum*)—which see. Indeed the Succory of our herbals, the chicorée of the French, chicoria of the Germans, all come from the Arabic or the Egyptian; for even in the time of Pliny, as now, the roots and leaves of these plants formed nearly as large a proportion of the food of the population as the potatoe does in Ireland. Our Garden Endive is raised in large quantities by market gardeners, and, well blanched, is one of our principal and best of winter salads. Its name of Endive is also Arabic; travellers telling us it is called Hendibeh, or Endibeh, where it is best known. Its blue star-like flower, almost the size of the yellow dandelion, grows close to the stem, which is two or three feet high, and they wither away as the younger buds come on. Gay, the poet, makes the Wild Succory identical with the Endive, where he writes of a country maiden's funeral:

Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butterflower, and Endive blue.

The Endive root is much praised in old books. "An excellent diet-drink," says Dr. Brook, "may be made by boiling half a pound of the dried leaves of Succory in six pints of water down to four pints, with two ounces of brown sugar added, and drank liberally by people of a hot and sanguine temperament, and equal quantities of the root and licorice will make an excellent decoction for asthmatic people, and may be taken freely."

Besides the excellent use of its leaves in salad and its roots as fuel, the root of Chicory has acquired an evil notoriety from the surreptitious substitute of large quantities of the roasted root for the true Mocha, or West India berry, by grocers of elastic commercial morality. These rogues in grain of course cheat their customers as far as a difference of something more than fifty per cent. in the market-price of the coffee-bean as against the Succory, or Endive root, but be it observed the root is not deleterious except as to the fine aroma of the unadulterated berry when scientifically roasted. The French, who, by the way, use very large quantities of very bad coffee, have long dealt largely in Chicory, and several French medicos, physicians as well as chemists, have maintained that the Endive root is equal if not superior to the Arabian berry in flavour. I do not share their taste, and it is clear by the recent honest and judicious Act of Parliament obliging grocers to mark out or declare ground coffee as a mixture of Chicory and coffee when the root is added that our M.r.s. and peers do not agree with the French authorities. Chicory is easily detected in ground coffee by throwing the powder into a glass of water, when if coffee alone is there it will tinge the water a sherry colour, but if Chicory is present it partially dissolves and makes the water more or less brown according to the quantity.

Perhaps the cheapness of Chicory (the demand has of late years enhanced its price) compared with

coffee, for which it has been, especially in Germany, used as a substitute, as well as its part in diminishing the cost price of coffee when mixed, give it a claim to be taken as a symbol of Frugality.

CHINA ASTER. (*Aster Sinensis*). Variety. The a-tar-like form of this flower, which was first brought to Europe from China about 1720 by a Jesuit missionary, indicates the reason of its name, Aster—a star. The cultivation, which here as well as in China, has produced almost every shade of colour and doubling of petals, may well make this favourite border-flower the emblem of Variety.

CHINA ASTER, Double. I partake your Sentiments.

CHINA ASTER, SINGLE. I will Think of It. I have set down these two names, and their somewhat silly and incoherent significations, as I find them in three modern vocabularies.

CHINA, (OR INDIAN) PINK. (*Dianthus Sinensis*). Though mostly a single flower, its brilliancy of colouring make this variety of Pink very acceptable in the flower-border, and it has the merit of great hardiness, being raised from cuttings on a gentle bottom heat, and then pricked out when strong and large enough to form an independent flower-bud.

For lovelier things were never seen
Than clustered Pinks on grass-plots green;
Or blooming in the neat-trimmed bed
By dews of heaven well nurtured.

Why the China Pink should have been taken as the emblem of Aversion, we must confess beyond our scope of divination. Hardia writes—

And much I love
To see the fair one bind the straggling Pink,
Cheer the sweet rose, the lupin, or the stock,
And lend a staff to the still-gadding pen;
And let me praise the garden-loving maid
Who innocently thus concludes the day,
Yes, fair, it well becomes you.

(To be continued.)

FORTUNE-TELLING.

One day Mrs. Lorrimer's only daughter, Violette, was nowhere to be found; neither was the gentleman, Senor Espanol, who taught the guitar. The whole city was alarmed by an account of the mysterious disappearance of a beautiful belle and a hard-working, gentlemanly young foreigner. However, when some one had discovered that the last gave lessons to the first, an inference was drawn by some cool looker-on.

"May they not have gone together?"

The mother at once drove the slanderer from her presence, preferring the idea that her Violette was murdered. However, before long a penitent letter, all blotted with tears, reached the poor old lady.

Violette was married to Senor Espanol. The more one loves a person the more furious does any deception on her part make one. A less loving mother might have forgiven. Stung to madness, this one wrote a terrible letter to the foolish girl who had so hurt her.

The husband, a hot tempered Spaniard, read it. It insulted him, and he forbade his wife ever to see her parent again. To do him justice, love, and no mercenary motive, had led him on to elope with his pretty heiress.

So the gulf was fixed between the only two of the same blood who lived on earth, and Senor Espanol began to give lessons on the guitar for two instead of one. Then for three, then for four, then for five. If he had lived a little longer it would have been for six. But the day the fifth child was born a countryman, who mistook him for a rival, stabbed him in the back. He apologized at length the next minute, but the poor victim did not live to hear him though, but died trying to express the fact that the gentleman was perfectly excusable.

And so Violette, who would have been very happy with her music master had he been less jealous, was left a widow with five babies, no money, and no accomplishment that had been sufficiently cultivated to earn a living by. Of course she took in sewing, and of course a day came when there was very small prospect of supper, and not even a dream of breakfast.

Not a penny in the house, not a loaf of bread, what was she to do? The poor little woman walked up and down, and cried. That did not help her. She looked over the relics of the past. They were pretty pieces of jewellery, worth nothing. Valuable things had all been sold long ago. She glanced out of the window. A woman, with a very large bran-new basket and no shoes, went begging from door to door.

The basket was worth ten shillings the shoes could have been bought for eight. This singular circumstance preyed upon her mind. She began to take an interest in the ways and manners of beggars

as the awful expectation of becoming one began to haunt her.

"I could drown myself," she said, "but I could not very well drown five children, like a litter of puppies."

Then leaning her chin on her hands, she watched from her lofty window another woman with handkerchief over her head going from door to door.

Was she begging? It seemed not. Once or twice she entered and stayed some time. As last she saw her at her door, and heard her go from room to room. There was a knock at her door. She opened it, and the dark hair under the yellow silk handkerchief, the big black eyes, the rich complexion, were there.

"Well?" she asked inquiringly.

"Let me tell your fortune, lady. I only charge a shilling," said the woman.

"My fortune is told, since I have not a shilling in the world," said Violette.

The woman turned away.

"Stop a moment," said Violette. "Tell me one thing: in this age do people pay you to tell their fortunes?"

"No age is too old," said the woman, to whom the world presented but one idea. "I just told an old lady's fortune below. It was in the cards that she was to have a husband, too—her fourth. She gave me a half-crown. Look!" She opened her palm.

"I make money," she said. "I'm a gipsy. I'm a seventh child. I see the future. I'll take any little bit of jewellery if you haven't any money. Have your fortune told?" But Violette shook her head and closed the door.

"I cannot steal, and to beg I am ashamed," said she to herself. "After it is dark to-night I'll go out and tell fortunes."

Then she took two flat-irons to the pawnshop, bought a loaf of bread and a pint of milk, and fed her five children—she for whom nothing had once been dainty enough, and who had ridden in her own carriage.

She put the children to bed, and left the key with a neighbour in case of fire, a dread that haunts those many-storied houses like a ghost, and then, disguised in veil and hood and shawl, went forth on her errand. It was a crazy dream. She had not courage to attempt fortune-telling. It was worse than begging.

She wandered along the streets, leaving the ill-smelling ones behind her, and coming at last to the pure, sweet homes of luxury. In the end she stood before her mother's windows. There was a light in the basement, and through the lace curtains she saw a table spread, and the shadow of a figure she knew to be her mother's on the curtain, and there, drawing down the shade, was Martha, who had nursed her when a child.

Tears filled her eyes. It was a Paradise which she never hoped to regain. Had not her mother written:

"A curse on you. Never darken my doors more, unless you wish to hear me utter it."

But here at least she had not the terror of strangers upon her; she could beg or tell fortunes. She would tell fortunes. Martha was superstitious, and always had dreams of matrimony, and of the coming back of a lover who had gone to sea when she was in her teens, and had never been heard of since.

She crept up to the window, and tapped on the panes. In a moment Martha opened the door.

The hooded figure drew near her.

"Let me tell your fortune," she said.

"Better," said Martha. "I'm past fortunes."

"What?" said Violette. "With a lover gone to sea?"

"Heaven save us!" cried Martha.

"And in one place twenty years," said Violette.

"You know more than is good," said Martha.

"Stop a bit. Are you one of them clairvoyants?"

"Yes," said Violette.

"Could you see where people are, what's come of them, and that?" asked Martha. "For instance, a gal that's been gone eight years, could you look for her in a dream like, as I've heard they can, and find her?"

"Yes, I think I could," said Violette.

"Sit here, then," Martha said, pointing to a chair in the hall, and hurried into the dining-room.

She came back in a moment.

"Come and speak to missus," she said.

And Violette, trembling so she could scarcely stand, entered her mother's presence.

No love is like a mother's. Violette had known that since she cast it off. She knew it now, looking on the pale face where wrinkles had come so thickly—on the hair, all turned gray now—on the sad eyes, that were so bright when she last saw them.

She longed to kneel at her mother's feet and beg forgiveness, but she dared not yet—had not she sinned too deeply to hope for pardon? She stood silent, with her head bowed down.

"They tell me you are a clairvoyant," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "I have not much faith in such things, and if the power prospers its possessors so little it cannot be worth much; but still I have something I should like to ask you. You search for persons who are far away, do you not—and for lost things?"

Violette bowed.

"If you can find something I have lost I will repay you well," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "Here, sit down. Perhaps, if you have this knowledge, you can tell me what I have lost."

Violette sat down.

"It should be darker," she said, "will you lower the light?"

Martha turned the gas down and stood behind her lady's chair, and there was silence. Violette had cast back her veil, but the firelight was not bright enough to show her features.

"Lady," she said, in a low voice, "it is not gold or silver that I see; it is nothing that can be bought for money. What I see is a girl."

"Good heavens!" cried the old lady.

"A girl of sixteen, with fair hair and blue eyes," said Violette. "That was what she was when you saw her last. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lorrimer.

"You loved her," said Violette. She loved you. But she deceived you; she was wicked—wicked—wicked; but there was an excuse for her. She fell in love; she was mad for awhile. You have cast her off. She is gone. You will never see her more."

"Hush! hush!" cried Mrs. Lorrimer. "She was not bad. I was wicked; I knew what it was to love, yet I forsook her because she knew it too. Look again. How does life use her?"

"She is a widow, and very poor," said Violette—"so wretchedly poor that she does not know where to get bread; but she will not come to you. You would curse her. You could not forgive her. You will never see her again."

The old lady started from her chair.

"What are you? How do you know the secrets of my life, the words I most repeat at night? Look again! Look! Tell me I shall see her once more. Tell me where to find the only babe I ever held against my breast! My little one—my Violette—where is she?"

And then the woman she addressed fell upon her knees and clasped her hand.

"She is here!" she cried. "Mother, she is here!" and the two wept together in each other's arms; and all was forgiven.

The mansion is no longer desolate. There are little children's voices there, and mother and daughter are together once more. And in that other world, where we cannot believe that wrath endures, doubtless the lover of her youth rejoices that Violette's fortune has been told so well.

M. K. D.

FAETIAE.

THE Maiden's Prayer:—"Papa, buy me a new spring suit."

A CIRCULAR SAW:—A proverb that goes the round of society.

QUERY:—Do retired prize-fighters generally end their days in Mill-bank?

NAUGHTY behaviour of yachting men: Hugging the shore.

A REAL BIT OF "LANCASHIRE."

TOURIST:—"Kindly direct me the nearest road to Mr. Handy's mill?"

FARMER'S WIFE:—"Weel, sur, ye mun get as far as yo heawse, when ye mun haw a bit, then yo mun go on till yo come to a big tree, then yo mun go a bit, and t' mill's right against yo."

[He puts his trust in Providence, and goes].—Judy.

MAKING UP FOR IT.

HUNTING GHOSE:—"Well, Sammy, 'ow are you? Never see your governor out with th' bands once last season?"

SAMMY:—"No, we takes it easy with our 'dasses all the winter, but we goes about showin' 'em all the summer."—Pamela.

THE SERVANTS.

HOUSEMAID (just engaged):—"I should like to be shown my room, m'am."

LADY OF THE HOUSE (startled):—"Oh, if you like. You'll find it a comfortable—"

HOUSEMAID:—"I should like to know if it's large enough for my piano, m'am!"—Pamela.

ODIUM THEOLOGICUM.

FIRST STREET PREACHER:—"On the 'Eath was yer? How did you get on?"

SECOND DITTO:—"Oh, I warmed up old Tyndall an' 'Uxley to rights, I can tell yer!"—Punch.

A GERMAN SETTLEMENT.—The soft sunshine of early June was setting grandly upon hill and plain, as two gaily-clad tourists scaled the heights of Ehrenbreitstein. "Look," exclaimed the elder, as he

pointed with a blue tasselled ratten to an opening in the architecture. "methinks you small orifice should be a casemate." "Taint; it's a loophole," retorted his comrade, biting his lip till the blood mantled on his brow. Hardly had the words died faintly upon the breeze when a sharp report startled the twittering cuckoo from its lair, and the elder tourist lay staining the fresh herbage with his gore. The younger man gazed sadly at his fallen friend, then whispering softly into his dying ear, "You were right; it is a case, mate," strolled down into the adjacent village for beer. — *Pan.*

TRUE MOTHERLY SOLICITUDE. — "How fond you seem to be of that eternal old doll of yours, Mabel?" "And how vainly does she tell me that I am a doll." "Oh, Aunt, it has been the desire of all my life to hide it from her that she's a doll. I hope she didn't hear you." — *Punch.*

STRAIGHT TO HIS FEELINGS. — "Oh, he's rather bashful, I know. (Encouragingly.) "Here, come here, Freddy, darling; you know you can say what you like to me!"

FAVOURITE. "Well, then I like pudding!" — *Pan.*
A GRAVE JOKE. The Marquis of Tweeddale, one of the newly-created Field-Marshal, is 88 years old, and Sir J. F. Fitzgerald, another, is over 90. The bestowal of the rank is evidently considered by the authorities a delicate compliment to pay a man on his approaching dissolution. The dates of the position are so grave that the title is reserved for tombstones. — *Fun.*

COOL, VERY. — **YOUNG LADY:** "What is Lady Lawrence reading?" Arctic explorations! Not much in your line, surely!"

L. L.: "Oh, isn't it? What can be pleasanter in this weather than to lie out here with a cigar and a 'cobbler,' and fancy yourself one of an icebound and devoted band?" — *Fun.*

THAT'S VERY ODD. — A gentleman was recounting his travels one evening after dinner to a friend, and commenced in this way:

"When I was travelling in Russia I was attacked in crossing a forest by a pack of twelve wolves; and from my post-shute window I fired my revolver and killed the first wolf, and, strange to say, his companions stopped and devoured him, and then came on again to the fight. I shot another, and my position killed a third, both of which were devoured, and so we went on until only one wolf remained, and I killed him as we were entering the town, and I observed that he was immensely fat. He, of course, had devoured all his companions."

"Dear me," said the friend, "that's very odd!"

"Very odd!" said the traveller; "but not nearly so odd as that which happened on the following day. I was out shooting antelopes, and fired at one as he stood on the top of a crag, and, odd to say, the ball passed through his neck, and killed another which was standing on a crag a quarter of a mile off."

"That's very odd," said the friend.
"Yes; but the odd part of the story is to come. The report of my rifle so alarmed an old bear which happened to be up in a tree, that he fell to the ground, broke his neck, and died on the spot."

"Well," said the friend, "upon my soul, that's very odd!"

"Yes, odd," said the traveller; "but not so odd as the sequel to my story. A thunder-storm came on, and I sought refuge in a hollow tree, and, to my horror, I descended into a nest of young bears, where I had not been very long when I heard a strange tapping, the unmistakable sign of the return of the she-bear. She ascended the tree, and was descending the hollow. With the rapidity of lightning I seized her by the tail and plunged my hunting-knife into her haunches; upon which she started upwards, dragging me with her; and as she went down on one side of the tree, I escaped by the other."

"Now, really, that's very odd," said the friend, "for it's the first time in my life I ever heard of a bear with a tail."

"Yes," replied the traveller, "and it was the only time I every met with one, and that's very odd."

An unknown friend has sent us a small pamphlet entitled "Papers on the Tails of Comets." It is a work of absorbing interest, and the title itself completely refutes the theories of those scientists who claim that the tails of comets are a mass of fire. If comets' tails were red-hot they couldn't have "Papers" on 'em, of course.

MORE COACHING CLUBS.—"Punch" has reason to believe that preparations are on foot to found a Coaching Club at Cambridge, and, if the project be successful, the sister University may doubtless be expected to start a sister club. Coaching has long

been a favourite institution among the undergraduates, and they would no doubt hail with pleasure any steps that might be taken to further its advancement by the means of a club. Moreover they would probably delight in seeing a parade of their "coaches" now and then, after the fashion which is yearly so attractive in Hyde Park. — *Pan.*

A GOOD REASON. — **HUSBAND:** "Mary, now you're in a good humour—tell me why you don't blow up the hired girls as you do me?"

WIFE: "Oh, there's a very good reason for that—they won't stand it."

OFF COLOUR.—A handsome lady entered a draper's shop and inquired for a "bow." The polite shopman threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

ALL'S FISH THAT COMES TO MY NET. — **NICE LITTLE GIRL:** Oh, Mr. Brown, give me one of the fish you've been catching."

BROWN (who fancies himself an earnest, and does all he can to keep up the character): "I haven't been fishing, my dear, I've been for a row."

N. L. G.: "Why, Emily was looking at you through a telescope, and said you did nothing but catch crabs!"

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS! progress! all things cry;

Progress, Nature's golden ray;

Nothing tarries 'neath the sky;

Learn in Nature's wondrous school;

Earth from chaos springs sublime;

Broad-armed oaks from acorns grow,

Insects, labouring, build in time

Mighty islands from below;

Press on thro' good and ill,

Progress be our watchword still.

Rough may be the mountain-road

Leading to the heights of mind;

Climb, and reach truth's bright abode

Dull the world that grope behind,

Science, learning, yield their prize;

Faint not in the noble chase,

He who aims not to be wise

Sinks unworthy of his race;

He who fights shall vanquish ill,

Progress be our watchword still.

Broad the tract that lies before us;

Never mourn the days of old,

Time will not tombd years restore us,

Past is iron—future gold;

Savage! learn till civilized;

Slave! your fetters shake till free;

Hearts that struggle, souls despised!

Work your own high destiny;

All things yield to steadfast will,

Progress be our watchword still.

Onward!—Orient nations know:

Nothing of that magic word;

'Tis the trump that giants blow—

'Tis the spirit's conquering word!

'Tis the mystic, electric fire

Which should flash around the earth,

Making every heart a wire—

'Tis a word of heavenly birth;

Onward! at the word we thrill;

Progress be our watchword still. N. M.

GEMS.

TEACH children to love everything that is beautiful, and you will teach them to be useful and good.

We would gain more if we left ourselves to appear such as we are than by attempting to appear what we are not.

He who troubles himself more than he needs grieves also more than is necessary; for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery makes him enlarge it too.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are entrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error, more humility to acknowledge it, and more grace to correct it.

The building of the Royal Aquarium Society at Weymouth is being rapidly proceeded with by the contractors, Messrs. Lucas, Brothers, and it will be opened to the public in December.

VICOUNT GRAY DE WILTON, to whom Mr. Disraeli addressed his famous "Bath letter," has been called

to the Upper House by the title of Baron Gray de Radcliffe. The Queen has also granted the dignity of Baron of the United Kingdom to the Earl of Home, by the title of Baron Douglas of Douglas; and to the Earl of Dalhousie, by the title of Baron Ramsay.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

THE PROPAGATION OF CELERY.—Celery is a native of Norway and Sweden, where it grows near the edges of swamps. This plant is rarely cultivated as it should be. A deep trench should first be dug, at the bottom of which a layer of sticks of wood, say six inches thick, should be placed, a drain pipe being placed endwise upon one or both ends of the layer. The sticks should be then covered with about a foot of rich mould, wherein the plants should be set, in a row and about five inches apart. The plants should be kept well watered, the water being supplied through the drain pipes, so that, passing through the layer of sticks, which serves as a conduit, the water is supplied to the roots of the plant. In setting up, care should be exercised to close the stems of the plant well together with the hand, so that no mould can get between them. The weeding process should be performed sufficiently frequently to keep the mould nearly level with the leaves of the outside stems. If these directions are carefully observed, the plant may be grown at least four feet in length, and this without impairing the flavour, which deterioration is commonly noticed in overgrown vegetables and fruits.

STATISTICS.

INSPECTORS OF FACTORIES.—Recently the Report of Inspectors of Factories, presented to both Houses of Parliament, were published in a Blue-book. In the half-year ended the 31st of October last the number of accidents was 3,643, of which 2,713 were to males and 931 to females. The number of deaths was 130—148 males and 13 females. The amputations were numerous. In the six months there were 1,103 informations and 715 convictions. The total amount of fines inflicted was 618s. 5s. 2d., and the amount of costs 453s. 17s. 10d. There were 19 informations adjourned, 307 withdrawn on payment of costs, and 58 dismissed.

LONGEVITY IN ENGLAND.—The mortality returns for England in the year 1872 record the death of 195 men and 432 women registered as 95 years old and upwards when they died. Twenty-four of the men had reached 100 or upwards, and one who died in Morpeth workhouse was registered at the great age of 111 years. Of the women, 51 had completed a century of life or more, and two had attained the age of 107 respectively. One of these died at High Wycombe, near Sandridge, in Hertfordshire, and the other at St. James's-road, Kingston. Of the 75 persons registered as 100 or upwards, 41 died in London, their respective ages being as follows—two 101, two 102, one 103, two 104, one 105, and one 107.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON is the only capital in Europe in which public vehicles are not compelled to use lamps at night. There are more street accidents at night in London than any where else, in relation to numbers of inhabitants, which illustrates cause and effect.

A **CURIOUS** instance of the cheapness of wheat and the dearth of provender recently occurred. A farmer sold a quantity of wheat, the growth of one field, for 58s. and for the straw which produced that he realised 60s.

At least one distinguished Alpine flower now adorns the flowershops and stands in Covent Garden. The beautiful pyramidal Saxifrage, which in early summer rears its little tree of flowers so frequently on the sunny side of the Alps, is now in perfection in small pots in Covent Garden. It is used for table and room decoration.

RECENTLY the Princess of Wales and Prince and Princess Teck honoured Prince's Grounds with a visit, and remained there a considerable time watching the skating, and also the cricket match between the Household Brigade and the Civil Service. The Royal children seemed delighted with the graceful evolutions on the smooth asphalt, the whole party remaining for tea.

The annual sale of the royal yearlings at Hampton Court took place on the 5th instant. There were eighteen lots, only four of which were yearlings. The fourteen yearlings sold for 1,810s., or less than 130 guineas each. The highest price reached was 400 guineas for the colt by St. Albans or Knowsley out of Himalaya, which, with 500 guineas for the brother to Julius, and Julius Caesar, helped the total considerably as well as the average.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN G.—Your letter has been received and forwarded to headquarters.

J. S.—We have received your letter, but do not find the verses therein as mentioned.

J. T. P.—The verses about "My Brother's Grave" are calculated to awaken sympathy and admiration in the breast of any who have recently sustained a bereavement similar to that alluded to in these lines.

A. BERLIN WORKER.—The papers referred to are not published at our office. Your query would be more suitably addressed to the bookseller or the news-vendor whose place of business is nearest to your residence.

ROSS U.—The lines entitled "Reconciled" are somewhat touching. The metrical arrangements, those of the second verse especially, require some emendation before publication.

W. C. B.—Your handwriting is remarkably good; it has no defects. Indeed, you may make your mind perfectly easy on the subject without troubling yourself about the specimens inquired for, which we apprehend are not procurable.

T. J. P.—Your handwriting is very good, and quite suitable to the position to which you aspire. You would be expected to have some knowledge of arithmetic, a fair amount of what is called general knowledge, and a good share of physical activity.

R. H.—The pay of private soldiers was increased in 1873. A private in a regiment of the line now gets a shilling a day in addition to rations, clothing, coals, lodgings, etc. A sergeant gets about double the above amount of money and a suitable advantage in the other items.

LUCK.—The tale of "Love's Perils" is correct in its detail of the sanguinary revolutionary period. The site of the guillotine on which Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette perished is perfectly well known, it was near the spot where the Luxor Obelisk now stands. There was shed the blood of more than 15,000 victims.

MEXICA.—1. Eggs can be pickled by being first boiled hard, then deprived of their shells and placed in a jar into which vinegar sufficient is poured to cover the eggs. Care must be taken not to crowd the jar with eggs to the exclusion of the vinegar and to well cover the jar with parchment until the eggs are required to be eaten. 2. Flour is not a component part of a rice cake.

A. A.—The chasuble or vestment is a very ancient ecclesiastical garment. Probably it was originally the palla, a robe which took the place of the Roman toga. It was a circular mantle, with a central aperture for the head, and draped the entire person in its voluminous folds. This vestment was in use by the whole of Christendom for ten centuries, and is still preserved by the Greek Church in its original form.

YAMA.—1. We can give you no receipt by means of which you can prevent your hair turning gray. You can dye the gray hair if you please, but you cannot hinder it from growing gray if it is inclined. 2. You can make a tooth-powder by mixing a little camphor with some prepared chalk. The quantities are two drachms of camphor to six ounces of prepared chalk. Moisten the camphor with a little whisky, reduce it to a fine powder, and then mix it and the chalk well together.

PIUS.—The French metre is one ten-millionth part of the distance from the pole to the equator, and is equal to about 39 1/2 English inches. It is also about 50 times the breadth of a five-cent piece. The metre is divided into 10 decimetres, or rather less than 4 inches; these again are divided into 10 centimetres, or about 39 hundredths part of an inch, and the centimetre is still again divided into 10 parts, called millimetres. The diameter of a franc is 23 millimetres.

G. F.—To make Ginger Beer.—Take a pound's weight of the best Jamaica ginger, bruise it well, put it in a large tub or pan, pour upon it two gallons of boiling water and cover the tub for twenty-four hours. Then add the white portion of twelve fresh eggs and two pounds of loaf sugar. Cover again and let fermentation go on for about ten days. Then let the liquor be strained and bottled. The corks must be tied down and the article will be fit for consumption about fourteen days after it has been bottled.

MOLLIE DARLING.—1. The chemicals that would remove what you term the superfluous hair from your arm might make a scar, the appearance of which would be far more unsightly than the hair; they might further, through absorption, injure your general health. Therefore, we cannot recommend you anything of the kind. 2. A mixture of elder flower water and glycerine, rubbed on the hands at bed-time, has a tendency to make the hands white, especially if kid gloves are worn through the night. 3. Glycerine is an oily and wholesome substance possessing great curative powers, and could not wither the skin. 4. Dean Brummell was a celebrated

gallant who flourished in the reign of George IV., and who was noted, amongst other things, for the quantity of white cravats he would amass and soil before he could tie one round his neck in a manner that was satisfactory to his vanity. As the Beau's valet removed his arms full of crumpled cravats from his master's dressing-room he was wont to exclaim "those are the failures!" 5. A marriage between a lady of twenty or twenty-one years of age and a gentleman of some twenty-six or twenty-seven summers is, in these northern latitudes, considered a good match as far as age is concerned. 6. His is the fashion just now for young ladies to read books on the various sciences. There are three different elementary series of works on scientific subjects now in course of publication—namely one by Longman and Co., one by Macmillan and Co., and one by the Christian Knowledge Society. Either or all can be highly recommended. 7. The handwriting is very neat and very satisfactory. 8. This is the first time that the name of the number you wish to receive in exchange for the stamps. 2. The inscription "Implore Peace" on the tombstone means "Pray for peace," that is, the looker-on is asked to pray for the peace of the spirit that once inhabited the mortal remains interred beneath the stone. 3. The Christian name: "Millicent" means "sweetness," "Josephine" means "fidelity." 4. The colour of both locks of hair is brown—one is medium shaded, the other dark. 5. A young lady of nineteen may begin to think of marriage in a serious way.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

There is one strip of narrow earth
Unto my heart more dear
Than all within a kingdom's girth,
With wealth of golden gear,
Tho' I should leave my native home,
To Fortune's freak a slave,
I'd not forget that stretch of loam—
It is my brother's grave.

You scarce can tell the earthen length
From any place around,
Nor iron palings lend their strength
To guard the sacred ground.

On it is reared no tomb uncouth,
No cherished flowers wave;
Enough for me the simple truth,
It is my brother's grave.

While mighty ones in every land
Are shrouded in Gothic fane,
The lowly graves cannot command
A shelter from the rain;

Yet sunbeams through the painted glass
Will scarcely reach the nave,
But often shine upon the grass
Above my brother's grave.

The idle ones, with careless stamp,
May walk the hallowed sod;
But never from our memory tramp
The young who die in God.

To show upon the Judgment Day,
Some flow'rs He must save;
And such a one lies in the clay
That form's my brother's grave.

A SIMPLETON writes as follows:—"Will you give me an answer to the following arithmetical question: Two men in partnership buy 60 oranges and divide them, each taking 30 oranges. A sells his 30 at two for 1d. and B sells at 3 for 1d.—these amounts added together—viz. 1s. 3d. and 10d., equal 2s. 1d. The next day they buy 60 oranges, but instead of dividing them they dispose of the lot at 5 for 2d., thereby realising the amount of 2s. Now, there being the same quantity sold for the same money (at 3 for 1d., 2 for 1d., and 5 for 2d.) I should like to know how this superfluous penny arises. Answer.—It is a fallacy on your part to suppose that the oranges sold on the first day were sold at the same price as those sold on the second day. You yourself have proved the contrary. The matter may be more precisely demonstrated by the application to it of that branch of arithmetic known as fractions. By the help of this rule and a little consideration you will find that the oranges sold on the first day realized, on an average, five-twelfths of a penny each, whereas those sold on the second day were sold at two-fifths of a penny each. These prices can be more conveniently compared by reducing the above fractions to a common denominator. By this process we get twenty-five sixtieths and twenty-four sixtieths as new names to the above prices. Thus it is shown that the oranges sold on the first day were sold at an average price which exceeded the price of those sold on the second day by the one-sixtieth part of a penny for each orange. As the number of oranges sold at this average price was sixty, the superfluous penny, as you term it, is exactly accounted for.

GURU, twenty, a lady's maid, would like to correspond with a dark-eyed sailor in the merchant navy; she is payable in looks and fond of the sea.

H. C. J., seaman in the Royal Navy, wishes to correspond with a fair young person of medium height and well domesticated; a cook preferred.

THIRTY-FIVE-TWO GUY, a gunner in the Royal Artillery, 5th. 11th., fair complexion, gray eyes, brown hair, good looking, wishes to correspond with a young woman about twenty with a view to matrimony.

M. S., twenty-one, medium height, fair, affectionate disposition and domesticated, wishes to correspond with a steady, respectable young man; one that could keep a wife comfortable.

W. A. D., seaman in the Royal Navy, wishes to correspond with a respectable tradesman's daughter; he is 5ft. 5in., and considered good looking by his messmates.

W. W. G., seaman in the Royal Navy, wishes to correspond with a fair young lady of medium height; he is considered good looking by his messmates; a ladies' maid preferred.

F. B., who is a banker's clerk, eighteen and dark, wishes to correspond with a respectable young lady of sixteen or thereabouts, who must be fair and also accomplished.

LIVELY ARTHUR would like to correspond with a dark

young lady who is a lively disposition and musical; she must have an income of 100l. a year, which is half the amount of his own.

LESA, seventeen, medium height, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, very pretty, good conversational, very fond of singing, contralto voice, would like to correspond with a fair young gentleman; a bank clerk preferred.

MAY T., seventeen, fair complexion, golden curly hair, deep blue eyes, considered pretty, can sing and play pretty well, wishes to correspond with a dark young gentleman fond of music.

CALVERTON HALL, twenty, tall, fair, and considered handsome by his friends, would like to correspond with a young lady who is dark, good looking, and of a loving disposition.

HIGHLAND LASSIE would like to correspond with a dark, handsome young man, tradesman preferred; she is petite, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, is of a merry disposition, musical, loving and domesticated, and will have 1000l. at her wedding day.

EARLY DAWN, twenty-five, dark, tall, dark brown eyes, steady and loving, a mechanic earning good wages, very respectable and has a little money, wishes to correspond with a young lady about the same age, who is tall, dark, and of a loving disposition.

FRANK and WILLIE, two brothers, thirty and thirty-two, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. "Frank" and "Willie" are fair, good tempered, and considered by all who know them good looking.

E. D., twenty, would like to correspond with a young man who is dark, a tradesman, fond of home, and desirous of getting settled at home comfortably. "E. D." is domesticated, highly respectable, has chestnut hair, light blue eyes, and is not altogether bad looking.

LOVEY KISS D., wishes to correspond with a respectable sailor with a view to matrimony; she is short, has a dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, is very good tempered, domesticated in all her ways, and can make a home comfortable.

E. J. A., a widow, thirty-five, wishes to correspond with a respectable farmer with a view to matrimony; she is 5ft. 6in., fair complexion, has brown hair, blue eyes, is very good tempered, cheerful, and will make a good housekeeper and a most loving wife.

CARINTHA would like to correspond with a tall, dark, respectable young man, in a pretty good position; she is of middle height, with fair complexion, brown hair and gray eyes, moderately well educated and respectable. She is hasty tempered but affectionate, and will have a small fortune at her marriage.

ALKEBA, a widow, thirty-five, 5ft. 6in., fair complexion, late a non-commissioned officer in the army, honourable, of temperate habits, knows how to appreciate a good woman and a comfortable home, has saved money, wants a wife from the respectable working class; a plain, homely, honest, truthful, healthy person about thirty. Respondent must be able to read and write well and belong to the Church of England; a widow without encumbrance not objected to.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

EMMA is responded to by—"H. V. W.," a Kentish miss.

PAUL by—"Louie," who thinks she is all he desires. Lily by—"J. G. B.," twenty-three, 5ft. 11in., dark complexion, in a good position, and is persuaded he would meet her views.

BLUE-BELL by—"W. S.," twenty-two, 5ft. 10in., fair complexion, dark hazel eyes, a handsome good featured, and will be coming into a good property soon.

NETA by—"G. R. B.," 5ft. 11in., dark hair and slight beard, considerable good looking, and thinks he is all she requires.

LOVELY MOLLY by—"York," thirty-three, 5ft. 8in., fair, clear complexion, good looking, is housekeeping, wants a good wife, and would likely to hear more of "Lovely Molly."

KEP R DAWN by—"Daylight," who is ready to join ship immediately as mate and sail a voyage through life. "Daylight" is twenty-three, 5ft. 3in., with brown hair and eyes, very fond of home and domesticated, can sing and dance and is her own dressmaker.

MAJORIE B. wishes to correspond with some young mechanic earning good wages with a view to matrimony. She is nineteen, 5ft. 6in., of a dark complexion, has hazel eyes, brown hair; is good looking, domesticated, and thinks she would make a home happy.

M. B. by—"Louise," twenty, rather tall, dark hair and eyes, very domesticated and loving, and an orphan, would do her best to make a good wife to a kind and loving husband; and by—"Annie," twenty, 5ft. 4in., rather fair, with brown eyes, fair hair, highly respectable, no fortune, but would make a home comfortable.

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